JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 2, 1924. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, ½d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXV. No. 921 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1924. TWOPENCE

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

£250 DEATH BENEFIT PAID

The NEW LOT

by A. G. GARDINER

Beecham's

A good appetite comes only by having a good digestion; if this is impaired you should take a few doses of BEECHAM'S PILLS.
They have a wonderful and well-deserved reputation for the speedy relief of

BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, LASSITUDE, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, POOR APPETITE

and other troubles which arise from a disordered Liver and Stomach. They cleanse the system, give tone to the digestive organs, and will restore you to sound and vigorous health.

Sold everywhere, in boxes.

Pills

JOHN BULL'S Golden Sets

"A Sensational Bargain."

Mr. C. Cowley, 9, King Street, Worksop, writes as follows:—**"Allow me to express my delight at receiving such a unique Gift. The bargain is sensational. Those who have failed to get one have something to reproach themselves with."** We have received hundreds more letters written in the same enthusiastic strain. *Write for your set to-day. Send no money*

Golden Set No. 1

Contains the 5s. Masterpiece Lever Filler Pen, with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety cap. For all practical purposes equal to Pens costing 17/6. Written 2 years' guarantee. With every Pen we present a handsome

2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

superbly chased, complete with rubber and refills.

Golden Set No. 2

Contains a slightly shorter model of the 5/- Masterpiece Pen fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped and safety cap, and a **2 6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE,** (Lady's size-with pendant top)

Send no Money!

Presentation Coupon.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.
Please send the Golden Set described below. (Cross out one not required.) If I decide to keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil Free, otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt.

No. 1 Golden Set, containing the "Masterpiece" Model Pen and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE.

No. 2 Golden Set, containing "Masterpiece" Pen (lady's) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE.
State if broad, medium or fine nib.
(Cross out grades not required.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....

Cross cheque, P.O. " & Co." and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 2.2.24.

Postage and registration abroad, 6d. each set

Reader scalded to death

Tragedy in Northumberland Miner's Cottage

JOHN BULL pays £250

PICTURE the scene. The large North Country kitchen; the long, low, kitchen range; the brightly-burnished objects on the high mantelpiece. The miner enters; the housewife busies herself over the fire. In lifting a pan of boiling water off the range, her foot catches in the rug. She falls backwards, and in so doing empties the scalding water all over herself.

Thus did Mrs. Mary Anne Graham, of Prestwick Village, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne, meet her death. As she was a *registered* reader, JOHN BULL has forwarded to her husband a cheque for £250.

Danger lurks in the homeliest of occupations. You never can tell. It is far better to sign the forms below *now*, than to have only vain regrets afterwards.

A few of the BENEFITS PAID this week:

Fire
Up to £400

ENFIELD.—Mrs. E. MAYNARD. 36. Fifth Avenue, Bush Hill Park.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. M. LEAHY. 8. Cross Street.
Nr. HALIFAX, YORKS.—P. SYKES. High Street, Stainland.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. A. LLOYD. 5. Gloucester Lane, St. Judes.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. C. DURRANS. 16. Nab Hill, Kirkheaton.
MANCHESTER.—P. T. EGERTON. 37. Wren Street, West Gorton.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. S. PARKER. 39. Rawmarsh Road.
RENTON, DUMBARTON.—Miss M. HASTINGS. 16. Red Row.
DUGHORNE, By IRVINE, AYRSHIRE.—PETER SMITH. Greenwood Rows.
BRIERFIELD, LANCS.—Mr. F. HYDE. 7. Veevers Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. H. HUGHES. 8. Lime Grove, Old Trafford.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. M. A. ROBINSON. 5, Jamieson Street.
KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK.—Mrs. D. MILLS. The Three Horse Shoes, Gt. Dunham.
BIRMINGHAM.—R. ROSE. 279. Hubert Road, Selly Oak.
OLD STREET, E.C.1.—G. COOK. 17. Wenlake Buildings.
BECCLES.—A. H. RICHMOND. 28. Fair Close Road.
SHEFFIELD.—G. A. MITCHELL. 106. Leigh Street, Attercliffe.
COVENTRY.—F. WISE. 90. Widdrington Rd.
EASTLEIGH, HANTS.—Mrs. J. E. BRIMOR, 105. Leigh Road.
DEPTFORD.—Mrs. L. GRIFFIN. 106. The Stowage, Creek Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—W. E. ROBINSON. 5. Saunby Grove, Wilford Road.
TIPTON, STAFFS.—D. BARKER. 1. Church Street, Tividale.

Sickness Benefits
£5-5-0

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).
PLAISTOW, E.13.—Mrs. E. ADAMS. 184, Queen's Road.
YAXLEY, PETERBOROUGH. — Mrs. F. BARNARD, Middleton Lane.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. H. ARNOLD. 16. Cotham Street, Russell Town.
NOTTINGHAM.—E. STRETTON. 60. Bestwood Colliery.
GT. BARR (Near BIRMINGHAM).—Mrs. E. BALL. 18. Green Lane.

Accident Benefits
£3 per week

PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. J. J. NEWBOOK. 15. Stapleton Road, Copnor.
KENFIG HILL.—Master TUDOR JOHN. 29. Bridge Street.
Nr. ESTON.—Mrs. F. BRADLEY. 36. New Lackenby.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. MEINEN. 15. Lees Street, Gorton.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Miss E. WILSON. 106, Rothbury Terrace, Heaton.
BRIGHOUSE, YORKS.—E. MCCORMICK. 27. Mellor Square.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mrs. E. BROWNING. 3, Bolton Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. KNIGHT. 150. Bolton Old Road, Atherton.
WHITLEY BAY, NORTHUMBERLAND.—G. H. JOHNSON. 41. Warkworth Avenue.
PLAISTOW, E.13.—JOHN PHILPOTT. 117, St. Mary's Road.
PAIGNTON, N. DEVON.—Mrs. A. J. CUMMINGS. 5, Peraham Terrace, Preston.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. E. KELLEDY. 2, Italy Street.
PLUMSTEAD, S.E.18.—Mrs. J. LYONS. 44, Smithies Road.
SALOP.—Mrs. MARY BUTTERY. 48. Lincoln Road, Wrockwardine Wood, Oakengates.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. E. LEIGH. 4, Mount Pleasant, Rosamond Street, Salford.
BOLTON.—Mrs. B. ASHCROFT. 89. Musgrave Road.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. I. DAWES. 140. Chamberlain Street.
CHORLEY, LANCS.—Mrs. ROSE ASHURST. 11, James Street.
HULL.—Mrs. G. KEELING. 2, Bishops Avenue, Division Road, Hessle Road.
WINLATON.—J. PARKER. 15. Bagnall Terrace.
LINLITHGOW.—Jas. TAIT. 858, High Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. STEAD. 3, Crosby Road, Off Shelton Lane.
BILSTON, STAFFS.—Mrs. C. MARTIN. 4, Great Bridge Road.

Sports (Football)
£3 per week

FARNHAM, SURREY.—H. A. BOXALL, Boundstone Road, Rowledge.

Storm

PORT GLASGOW.—J. COULIN. 5. Clyde Street.
PONTNEWYDD (Near PONTYPRIDD.)—Mrs. A. STEPHENS. 17. Mill Road.
KNOWLE, BRISTOL.—Mrs. C. TODD. 1, Fordell Place.
GOYTRE, PONTYPOOL.—L. TREHERNE. Castle Cottage.

Burst Hot-Water Pipe

BOLSOVER, Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. J. BIRKIN, 7, Limekiln Fields, Hill Top.
PLAISTOW.—F. G. STARLING, 35, Claude Road, Upton Manor.
WALLASEY.—Mrs. E. WHALLEY. 3, Queen Street, Liscard.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS. — Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

Present Registered Readers are fully qualified for all the 1924 Benefits. They should NOT RE-REGISTER unless they have changed their address or Newsagent.

CUT HERE

J.B. 2.2.24.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 2.2.24.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date.....

"When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we shall have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

'YADIL' THE CONQUEROR.

Conquerors have won fame through the death of countless millions. 'Yadil' will win fame through saving the lives of millions of people. The paths of the great soldiers of history were marked by ruin and despair. Health and happiness follow 'Yadil' Antiseptic. It wages war not on man and his works, but on disease and premature death. It truly marks the dawn of a new era for suffering mankind.

LORD LISTER foresaw the great possibilities of an effective antiseptic which could be swallowed without risk of injury to cell-tissue. But the record of my antiseptic during the last seven years exceeds, I feel confident, the most sanguine hopes entertained by Lord Lister, as it does my own. It shows that 'Yadil' will restore to health four in every five cases of consumption, provided it be used in conjunction with the diet recommended in THE YADIL BOOK. It masters promptly measles, scarlet and typhoid fevers, influenza, pneumonia, bronchitis, pleurisy, catarrh, and all diseases of the respiratory organs.

MIXED with honey, 'Yadil' will stop diphtheria in one day, whooping-cough in two days, tonsilitis and throat ulcers in a few days, if given at the very first symptom of these disorders. When used for dressing wounds, scratches, stings and bites, blood-poisoning can never develop, and for that reason it should be in all Ambulance and First-Aid Outfits. Ringworm, ulcers, eczema, gangrene, even many cases of lupus, yield rapidly to its antiseptic powers. Internal tumours and tumours of the breast disappear under its influence, and operations are avoided. Nine cases in ten of so-called appendicitis are merely cases of intestinal inflammation, which vanishes after a few days' treatment. Gout, rheumatism, neuritis are quickly mastered, provided the diet prescribed is strictly adhered to. It heals scalds and burns in a few hours, pain ceases instantly, and *blisters do not form*.

IT conquers malaria in two or three doses, and will prove of untold value in malarial countries. Cholera, typhus, dengue fever, blackwater fever, sprue or psilosis (reputed incurable), plague, dysentery, and similar disorders peculiar to hot countries, are promptly controlled—which means that 'Yadil' is an imperial asset.

THESE apparently incredible results are easily explained. 'Yadil' destroys the bacterial infection which causes our diseases, and normal health is promptly restored. Could anything be more simple, more useful? The use of my antiseptic is easy and safe. Anyone can handle it with complete success. Accidental overdoses can have no injurious effects.

GARLIC supplies the active principle of my antiseptic. But it never taints the breath or the body. It will keep indefinitely in any climate. I give in THE YADIL BOOK full directions how to use it in some 200 disorders. All the treatments are based upon medical experience and are reliable.

READ the evidence published in THE YADIL BOOK. You will then understand why many doctors call 'Yadil' the greatest conqueror of disease ever known. I had it tested by the profession for six years before I would consent to make it known publicly. When it is used in every home for every disorder without exception it will yearly save the nation over one hundred thousand lives now carried away by preventable or curable infections. Order some to-day, also a copy of THE YADIL BOOK (2/6), for to-morrow you may need it in a hurry for yourself or for someone near and dear to you.

Alex Clement

THE YADIL BOOK, third edition, 288 pages, cloth bound. The most practical family medical book ever published. Gives treatments for over 200 disorders, all based on medical experience. Defines disease, its causes, and how to avoid it. Over 500 medical reports show the value of 'Yadil' in practically every disorder of bacterial origin. The three chapters—What is Disease?—Causes of Disease—Doctors and Disease—should be read in every home and in all schools to teach the coming generation how to attain old age free from pain and infirmities. If you value your own health and the health of those who are dear to you, secure a copy of this book without delay and read it carefully. A copy will be sent, post free, to any home or foreign address on receipt of 2/6—or you may get it from your chemist.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Prepared by **Clement & Johnson Ltd.**, *Research Medical Chemists*, **19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1.**

Liquid	2 oz. **2/9**	6 oz. **4/9**	Pint **12/-**	Quart **22/6**
Pills	50 **2/9**	150 **4/9**	500 **12/-**	1,000 **22/6**
Ointment	1 oz. **1/9**	4 oz. **5/-**	**Pastilles** (for the Voice)- per tin **1/-**	
Lubricant (for Chapped Hands) (Collapsible Tubes.)		2 oz. **1/6**	**Powder** (for the Toilet) - per tin **1/6** (In sprinkler tins.)	

Of all Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Parkes Drug Stores, Ltd., Lewis & Burrows, Ltd., Army & Navy Stores, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Timothy White Co., Ltd., Hodder & Co., Needham's & Squire's, Cockburn & Co., Ltd., and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3/- for extra postage and packing.

The word 'YADIL' is registered. **Pronounce it YAH-DIL.** W.B.P.

2/6 Weekly

In all you pay for our No. 66 de Luxe Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such convenient easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Best packed free, carriage paid. On

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory called repossessions and accessories. 20 per cent below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for illus. art catalogue.

Model 66

£5. 15s. CASH

Cycle Company (Dept. B.8971), Birmingham

1/10 WEEKLY

CASH £2 : 19 : 6

JUNO BABY CARS

All our Goods are British Made and Carriage Paid also with them you have the Guarantee of our 46 years' reputation.

Write for our beautiful Baby Car Catalogue "D2."

Dept "D," METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., LTD., 162 & 163, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

'Worn by Millions'

SALE!

WIRELESS Crystal RECEIVING SET, stamped "B.B.C." and guaranteed. Magnificent instrument, complete with best British headphones, 4,000 ohms (detachable). Usual price 42/- Sale price 32/- (post free).

HORNLESS CABINET GRAMOPHONE. De-luxe model, excellent tone. Sale price 38/6 carr. paid), worth double, satisfaction guaranteed.

KENNEDY'S, 91, Moore Park Rd., London, S.W.

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

GOOD LUCK

FOLLOW JU-JU, THE RUSSIAN MASCOT

Don't thereby hope for better luck in 1924—make it a dead-sure certainty by wearing a fascinating Ju-Ju Charm. Armed with the Ju-Ju's mysterious powers of attracting good fortune, everything you touch will turn out well. Read what two or three of thousands of lucky ones say—

"John Bull."—J.B., Sheffield.

"My luck has changed at last."—G. E., London.

Let this be your Lucky year! Never mind what sceptics say; wear a Ju-Ju and confound them with the amazing way you will prosper and profit in every field. Adopt Ju-Ju and bid a permanent farewell to ill-luck.

Sterling Silver, 2s. post free
9ct. Gold ... £1

Some people say Ju-Ju lucky; others wear a Ju-Ju Mascot.

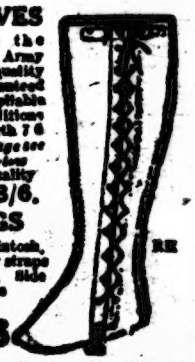
JU-JU SOCIETY, 5, Imperial Bldgs., Westgate-rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Money refunded if not approved.

HORSEHIDE GLOVES

Made for the American Army from finest quality skins. Guaranteed soft and pliable under all conditions. Worth 7/6 2/11 Postage 6d. extra. Superior quality in Buck 3/6.

GAITER LEGGINGS



In stout Fawn Twill Mackintosh, Absolutely waterproof. Leather straps and buckles top and bottom. Side lacing. Height 16 ins. Calf sizes 12½-14½ ins. Originally 12/6

Post rates: 1 pr. 4d., 2 prs. 6d., 6 prs. 9d. 2/6

THE SERVICE CO., Ltd., (Est. 1869) (Dept J.B.), 273/4, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1

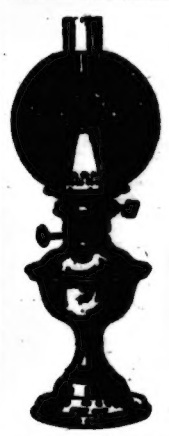
HARRISON KNITTING MACHINES.

BUY a machine that will serve you well.

Don't be misled by rash promises of income and work, and then have to regret. Write for full particulars or come and see the machines being made at our works. They pay for themselves quickly. We have stood the test for over fifty years, and give value for money by supplying the best machine on the market.

LISTS FREE.

Knitter Works: 181, Upper Brook St., Manchester. Branches: 54, George St., London, W.1, 69/69, John Bright St., Birmingham, and 98, Bath St., Glasgow.



200 Candle Power PIFCO 4 Hours for 1d.

Incandescent Gas Light

With Gaumont Paraffin

Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.

Beats Gas or Electric

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp 30/-

Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.

PIFCO, Ltd., 94, High St., MANCHESTER. Stocked in 37 different styles.

Psoriasis

Eczema, Bad Legs and all Skin diseases completely and permanently cured by KUREM ROSE TREAT.

HINT, famous over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send post-card for free book, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, Bradford.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is Desired.

Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

Was Quite Bald

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different Treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) P. Tucker.

Full Growth of Hair

Dublin.

When I began using Kotalko I was bald. At the sides over the ears, and at the back, there was some hair, but on the whole of the crown of my head, from the forehead backwards, there was no hair at all.

I used Kotalko on the scalp until I noticed signs of a slight down on parts of the head. Then I knew the roots were not dead after all, so I went on using Kotalko, and gradually the down changed into real hair, which kept on growing, until at last the whole of my head was covered with a full growth of hair in its natural colour just as it used to be.

Everyone who knows me has been surprised at seeing the hair growing again, and several of my friends have already ordered Kotalko, and are highly satisfied with it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Thomas Hayes.

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko, with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when all other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

30,000 TESTING BOXES

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Send or Copy this COUPON

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

.....53 BO

KOTALKO has components of genuine bear fat (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the three Kingdoms of Nature. In accord with the recipe of the original compound, and modern improvements thereon. Mr. Brittain who was bald, got a completely new hair growth. Later he secured the formula, and has since put Kotalko on sale.

A distribution of 30,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 BO), LONDON, W.1.

For Bargain Hunters

OUR new competition has been an instantaneous success.

The first prize of £5 is awarded to Mr. F. Chilton, 16, Cleveland Road, Islington, London.

The second prize of £1 goes to Mrs. Violet Oldham, Westgate Road, Rugby.

Space does not permit of their lists being reproduced.

To fifty other competitors consolation prizes have been forwarded.

In a competition that involves so much detail competitors should bear in mind that legible writing and neat arrangement assist the judges in coming to a decision.

There is another fiver this week for the best shopping list. In addition, there is a second prize of £1, and fifty consolation prizes.

Expend—in imagination only—£5 with JOHN BULL advertisers, and send us the results of your imaginary shopping. *Use postcards only.*

Address them to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2., to reach here not later than the first post, Wednesday, February 6.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

Prize-winners of £1:

(*Continued from page 31*)

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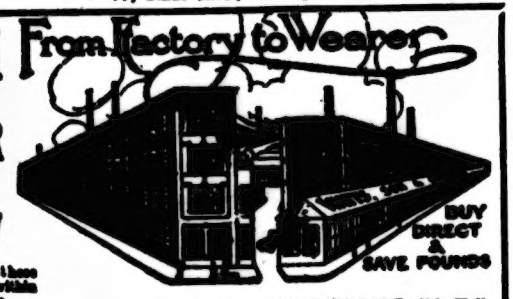

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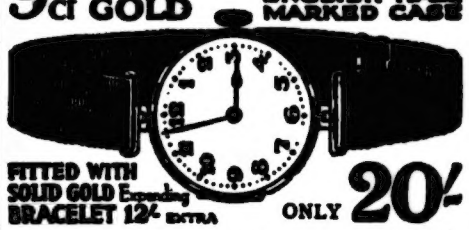

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To give office to the Clyde contingent was an adroit move on the part of Mr. MacDonald. It imposes the effective check of responsibility on these would-be firebrands.

Their Heritage.

The Labour Government faces an unenviable array of problems. The Ruhr and Reparations, the problem of depreciated currencies, the effete League of Nations and the Mesopotamian muddle are just a few.

Two Live Ghosts.

At home the twin ghosts of unemployment and housing must be laid without delay. Mr. MacDonald has received a legacy from Mr. Baldwin that will tax the administrative ability of his Party to the utmost.

Where We Stand.

So long as the Labour Party tackles these problems in a statesmanlike spirit they will be assured of our support. No one will welcome more wholeheartedly than ourselves an earnest endeavour to restore peace and prosperity to a war-wracked world.

All Hands on Deck.

Nor shall we tolerate any merely factious opposition. The Conservative Party had the power and failed to utilise it. In Opposition it is their duty to help and not to hinder.

Common Aims.

There is not a single outstanding problem that is essentially a contentious Party measure. Given a united will in the new Parliament, there is not one of them that cannot be speedily solved.

The New Stunt.

Having fallen down on the "Fusion" plot, Lord Rothermere is now trying to foist off either Mr. Churchill or Sir William Joynson-Hicks as leader of the Tory Party. Queer how his lordship persists in looking for trouble!

A Silly Cry.

We have no sympathy with those who are saying that Labour Ministers should refuse to accept the standard salaries. It is an echo of the "levelling down" process with which Socialists are frequently charged. John Burns gave the right reply to that argument years ago.

Futile Flag-wagging.

The threat of the Labour extremists to make the Cabinet subservient to a Party concern can safely be ignored. They will find that a Chairman and a Premier are two vastly different people.

Labour's Burden.

The railway strike, coincident with the accession of the Labour Party to power, has caused some active thinking. It is clear that sooner or later the political side must shake off the trade unions.

Forecasting the Future.

If it does not, it is equally clear that sooner or later there will be a split in the Labour Party, and that there will emerge a centre party with purely political aims, unhampered by the narrow views of Industrialism.

Finis.

No one doubts that the Liberal Party has ceased to be an effective force in English politics. Before the new Parliament is many months old the process of disintegration we prophesied will have begun.

An Epoch Ends.

The death of Lenin is an event of world importance. No one can foresee quite what the consequences may be, but it becomes more than ever important that this country should clinch trade relations with Russia.

Carried Unanimously.

It is significant that even City opinion is now in favour of normal relations with Russia and her restoration to the comity of nations. When finance says "Yes," politicians have no further excuse for saying "No!"

Neutralise Them!

Trouble is brewing over the control of the Arctic routes which will, before long, be of world importance. There should be a conference of the interested Powers to arrange for international control before it is too late.

Following the Mark.

The pound sterling largely maintains its value abroad because Britain's payment of her debts keeps her credit intact. The value of the franc will cease to fall when France has learned the lesson this fact contains.

The Coming Debacle.

The end of M. Poincaré is in sight. Even his own supporters are turning against him, and his defeat and resignation cannot be long delayed. With him will go the biggest obstacle to European peace.

The Last Straw.

The French blockade of the railways in the British zone at Cologne is the severest blow Britain's prestige has suffered for years. To take the firmest possible stand against such truculence is the paramount duty of all Parties.

Never Again!

There is talk of the desirability of a new armaments race in the air between France and Britain. 1914 was the result of the last mad competition, and unless a saner outlook prevails the same inevitable result will follow.

Their Job.

While the mass of German people are famishing, Germany's New Rich are wintering luxuriously in Switzerland. Such open evasion of responsibility gives point to our protest of last week against misguided appeals for charity.

A Muck-raking Politician.

Mr. Lloyd George's weekly diatribes in the Hearst Press, of America, are unworthy of an ex-Premier and a leading statesman. Is it too much to hope that some sense of decency will still check his scurrilous pen?

Straight from the Stable.

We congratulate Mr. Rylands on telling the Farmers' Union bluntly that no intelligent Government can help them if they are unwilling to help themselves. Once more John Bull's policy has been thoroughly justified.

A Real Danger.

The discovery of vast oil supplies in Somerset is a national event of the first importance. We look to Parliament to ensure that this huge reserve of power and light is not the signal for the formation of still another Trust.

Getting Down to Facts.

The Panel service is coming in for much adverse criticism at the Court of Inquiry set up by the Health Ministry. Perhaps the result will be what we have persistently urged—a thorough revision of the whole system.

Dreamland!

Mr. Bromley's claim that railway profits are at the disposal of railwaymen is absurd. Coming largely from excessive fares and goods rates, it is time they were used to ease the burden of a long-suffering public.

A Scandalous Figure.

The cost of living remains at 77 per cent. above 1914. As this figure is the misleading "index," the real increase is probably much greater. And we say that the main reason is—quite simply—profiteers.

"Patriotism"!

While we pay 4s. 6d. in the £ for income-tax, the inhabitants of Guernsey pay 4d. War pensions for Guernsey cost us £58,500 per annum. Guernsey's refusal to shoulder this debt is the type of selfishness that makes us tired.

As Usual.

The price of potatoes has risen again, and they now cost 50 per cent. more than a month ago. The reason given is, naturally, "the prevailing shortage." To which we reply "Bunkum"!

Expensive Methods.

The exponents of the slaughter policy of combating cattle disease can congratulate themselves on checking its spread—at a cost of £2,524,000. We still believe there were cheaper and more efficacious methods.

End the Muddle!

A matter that will have to be tackled decisively by the new Parliament is the intolerable chaos of London's traffic. A central authority with statutory power to act is long overdue.

Inevitable.

The natural result of the British Fascisti Movement has come, and an Anti-Fascisti Legion is now being enrolled. We call on the authorities to put an end to an organisation that has ceased to be a joke and become a menace.

More Rust on the Law.

The legal doctrine of insanity has again been shown to be entirely inadequate in the case of the nurse who murdered the two children left in her charge. Once again the real trial will take place at the Home Office. Another case where a spring-clean is urgently needed.

What a Game!

For months JOHN BULL has been protesting against the wholesale profiteering in our midst. Now the ogre raises his head in a new quarter. There is a "world shortage of wool" we are told, and clothes this spring will cost us considerably more. And so the game goes on. But for how much longer?

Love Through the Years.

A regular searcher of the records at Doctors' Commons, in London, is an aged man who is trying to trace his former fiancée. Many years ago he was engaged to be married and had obtained a licence, but for some reason the marriage never took place. Since then the old man has made a fortune which he desires to share with his former sweetheart in order to atone for the cancelling of the marriage. Love finds a way!

Soft Heads and Hard Hearts.

Hard-hearted rascals like Percy Dews, of Kensal Rise, want sterner treatment than that meted out at West London. Fourteen years ago Dews vanished like the morning dews, leaving his six children to starve while he lived with a woman. He had regular work as an auctioneer's clerk, and his deserted family cost Kensington ratepayers a total of £2,000 to keep. Yet he is let off with three months' hard labour. Why?

Housing Horrors.

After inspecting a tenement property at Chesterfield, for which the hapless tenants had been charged from 9s. to 12s. a week, Mr. Registrar Hopkins fixed the standard rents at from 1s. 4d. to 2s. 2d. Declaring that he had never seen human beings penned in such miserable pens, he expressed surprise that the local authority allowed such premises to be used for human habitation. And this in Christian England!

Unnoticed Heroes.

There passed away in Northampton Military Hospital the other day Frank Hilton, who fought with the gallant Bedfordshires and was wounded in 1914. This ex-soldier was operated on twenty-one times! He had been in hospital for the last three years. Unnoticed, there are thousands of these poor fellows in hospitals. Hardly anybody troubles to sing to them or to look them up. Martyrs to pain, they have lived longer than gushing sentiment.

The Blind Soldier.

Justice is blind, but apparently not for the blind. Mr. J. Pincock, of Bentinck Street, Sutton, St. Helens, enlisted in February, 1915, and was demobilised in April, 1919. To-day he is blind and helpless, and has no pension. He had at one time a 100 per cent. disability pension, "aggravated by service," but this has been stopped. The Ministry of Pensions no longer believes that his blindness was aggravated by service. Possibly it believes it was caused by the wilful malice of this blind soldier now condemned to poverty and his family to parish relief.

A Brave Man!

Edward Harper, of East Eversleigh, Tidworth, is a very brave man. He showed his bravery by beating and kicking some little children by the roadside because he thought they had thrown something at his motor-car. One was a boy of three, another a boy of nine. He kicked the nine-year-old five times. There was also a girl of fifteen, but her size did not frighten him. He kicked her, too. Not desiring public recognition of his bravery, he tried to keep the matter quiet, but such heroic deeds will out, and the Sarum Bench rewarded him with a fine of £2. Faugh!

A Near Thing.

The movie fan is well acquainted with the flesh-creeping film which allows the hero to effect a timely rescue as the prospective victim is being swept to perdition, but the real-life exploit of Jarrold Harman, a dyer of Newton Abbot, gave the onlookers thrills which even such kinema stunts can never rouse. When a lad in the leather works was caught in a skin-embossing machine by his clothing and was being carried to a terrible death, Harman flung himself at the boy and held on like grim death. Well played, Harman!

The Farce.

At the present time the authorities are unable to act on fifty-three deportation orders made by magistrates against alien crooks in the last few weeks. Why should this farce be tolerated?

Wool-gathering.

An ex-soldier, a farm labourer who was paid the beggarly wage of 12s. a week, stole some wool, probably to get money for food, and when hauled before the Barmouth bench was sent to jail for a month. The sentence was inhumanly harsh in view of the fact that the police had no other charge against the man.

Sweated Registrar.

A shameful case of sweating is shown by the plight of Ernest Chapman, registrar of births, marriages and deaths, who was sued at Edmonton County Court for possession of his home and arrears of rent amounting to £36. The poor fellow gets only £2 a week, and has to provide his own office beside keeping a wife and four children. He has already sold his home to buy food. Judge Crawford holds that his pay is a scandal. We agree.

The Unfavoured Few.

At H.M. Filling Factory at Hereford, the men of the R.A.O.C. and the R.E. are paid for all holidays, whereas the maintenance staff, consisting of about fourteen men, receive no pay when the factory is closed for public holidays. Even on H.M.'s birthday they had to spend the time idly with empty pockets. We suggest that this is one of many grievances which our new Minister for War might try to remedy.

The Human Machine.

THE DRILL SERGEANT

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

DO we cry because we feel sad, or do we feel sad because we cry?

Do we run away because we feel frightened, or are we frightened because we run away?

These are not such silly questions as they sound. A great deal depends upon whether the bodily action or the emotion comes first.

The growing opinion of psychologists is that in a great many cases the bodily action does come first.

This can easily be proved. Kneel down, put your hands together, close your eyes—and you will quickly feel a religious feeling creeping over you. Your bodily attitude has called forth the appropriate emotion.

This leads to very important conclusions. It means that, just as the mind can control and affect the body, so the body can have a direct influence on the mind.

It follows that if you are feeling depressed the worst possible thing is to sit hunched up in a chair, holding your head in your hands.

The physical attitude of depression only brings out the mental side more strongly.

The thing to do is to smile, to straighten your back, square your shoulders, and get busy with some cheerful occupation.

Chop some wood, break some coal, go for a brisk walk. And whatever you do, do it with a will.

Do it with the corners of your mouth turned up. Do it without a wrinkle on your brow. Whistle about it. Sing about it.

Your mind will quickly follow your body and a cheerful emotion take the place of your black mood.

Now you know how mind and body can react on each other, use your knowledge.

Make your body act as a drill sergeant.

When your mind is depressed make your body order it to be cheerful. It will readily obey.

The Dreaded Scourge.

Owing to the bad housing conditions in Glasgow, tuberculosis is very acute. At a meeting of the Health Committee it was reported that there were 10,302 cases under observation in the city! A large number of these are being treated at home, where they mostly live in overcrowded conditions. This is terrible. The whole health of the nation is being undermined. Now then, Mr. Wheatley!

The Government as Landlord.

On the Air Ministry's estate at Shortstown, Bedfordshire, there are about sixty empty houses. Yet a man and his wife and nine children were callously evicted because the rent of 15s. 6d. a week was somewhat in arrear, and had to be given accommodation in the workhouse at a cost to the ratepayers of £5 or £6 a week. We are not surprised that a member of the Bedford Board of Guardians described the case as a scandal.

Treating the Man at the Wheel.

We hope that, having admitted his responsibility, Cornelius Holman is doing something for John Newton, a chauffeur he has treated out of his job. Holman hired a car for an evening, and starting out at 7 o'clock was driven about the West End of London for twelve hours, during which he plied Newton with liquor. The driver was arrested and fined £2 and costs, and had his licence suspended until March 31. Holman was a sportsman in admitting his blame, and it is up to him to go a little farther.

So Near and So Far.

Edward Reginald Morley, of 35, Burrell Road, Ipswich, sought to evict the tenant of No. 33, urging that he required the house for his son. He admitted, however, that he was also the owner of No. 29, which became empty a few months ago, and was relet a fortnight later. Asked why he did not accommodate his son there he pleaded that it was too far away! Judge Marchant granted an order for possession in six months, thus showing his disapproval of one of the most impudent attempts to prostitute the provisions of the Rent Act we have ever heard of.

Washing Day in the Workhouse.

The House Committee of the Ludlow Guardians have recently discovered that two women have had to do the washing for sixty-four inmates in addition to the work for the officers and the infirmary, and as they could not possibly get through it all in six days, they had to put in Sunday at the washtub as well. The Master and Matron were censured, but one Guardian cheerfully remarked that he understood one of the women was never happy unless at work. Seven days' slavery as an aid to happiness in the workhouse strikes us as rather a novel idea.

A Shocking Tragedy.

Mrs. Mary Anne Graham, of Prestwick Village, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was a miner's wife. One evening she was busying herself over the fire preparing her husband's meal. In lifting a pan of boiling water off the range her foot caught in the rug. She fell backward, and in so doing emptied the scalding water over herself. Three days later she was dead. JOHN BULL's cheque for £250 was some comfort to her bereaved husband in his hour of grief, for his wife had had the foresight to become a registered reader. In castle or cottage, tragedy is ever on the doorstep. Wise, indeed, are those who prepare against its coming.

Exploiting the Unemployed.

How long will it be before the police of our cities take steps to stop the heartless roguery by which the unemployed round our Labour Exchanges are filched of their last few shillings? So-called agents are daily attending the rendezvous of down-and-outs and opening lists of candidates for employment upon payment of entry-fees. These parasites sometimes offer to clothe aspirants beforehand upon payment of a first instalment, and even go so far as to ask for money for railway tickets, to be handed out later when the journey is to be made to an imaginary depot. Needless to say once these fees are paid the crooks vanish for ever. The police must get a move on.

Watered Milk.

Manchester City magistrates are trying to make the milk-and-water business an unprofitable one for Joseph Spence, 9, Claremont Street, Openshaw, and a hard job it seems to be. Three times they have fined him for selling watered stuff, in all £25. Should his last conviction not be a lesson they ought to cut off his water-supply.

To See It Through.

We have received a letter from Mr. A. Boyd Carpenter, late Under-Secretary for the Admiralty, with regard to the appeal we made in a recent article, headed "When Justice Hits Below the Belt," on behalf of a man who was struck off the Admiralty list of contractors after he had been unfairly treated in court. We are told that inquiries are being made. We ask Mr. Boyd Carpenter's successor to keep the matter in mind.

Why Coal is Dear.

A Dundee coal dealer, in a small way of business, who has been selling at 1s. 9d. for 84 lb. and making a fair profit, tells us that he has been approached by other merchants who sell at 2s. and asked to come into line with them. As he has refused they threaten to reduce their price to 1s. 8d. or less until he is squeezed out of the trade. This is by no means the first we have heard of such methods, which help to explain why coal is so dear.

A Silly Surcharge.

Three members of the Camberwell Board of Guardians have been surcharged £4 in respect of money granted to a man to enable him to start as a costermonger. We hope the Minister of Health will remit this silly surcharge. It was obviously a more sensible and economical course to provide a man with the means of earning a living than to keep him in the workhouse or in continual receipt of outdoor relief, and it is a pity the practice is not more widely adopted.

Moral Looseness.

Ten per cent. of the children born in South Carnarvonshire in a recent year were illegitimate, according to Mr. D. Caradoc Evans, of Pwllhelli. What the moral conditions of Anglesey are the deputy-lieutenant (Mr. Lloyd) discloses, when he says that in country lanes, on dark nights, quite young girls can be seen sitting in amorous attitudes with men. No wonder there are sex crimes on girls of fourteen and sixteen in the district. What have the police been doing?

Glasgow's Vice.

Our assertion that Glasgow, too, has its women who purvey vice and institute orgies for the lustful satiation of perverts has at last been proved, for the police have brought to book two of these jezebels in Martha Williams and Georgina Meighan, who have for long battened on moneyed prurients. The three dens of iniquity in different parts of the city which were organised by these fur-clad women brought them the maximum but palpably over-lenient sentence of three months. May the police offensive continue.

Water or Beer?

For a thousand years Thaxted has depended for water on a number of wells. Now the sanitary authorities are determined to start an artificial water-supply, but there are many strong champions for the old system. The vicar, however, has given his parishioners a shock by producing the certificate of an analyst on the vicarage water, which is considered the best well in the borough. The analyst says: "I would advise you to drink beer in future, and never to touch the water!" Our rural districts want looking after.

Branded as Insane.

An easy case for Mr. S. Walsh, the Labour War Minister, to investigate, is that of Lieutenant Clendining, the young Irish officer who was sent home from India as an alleged lunatic, and whose grievance we have repeatedly urged. A previous Secretary for War stated in Parliament that the War Office had no information as to the alleged treatment of this officer. On another occasion he stated that the War Office had *full* information. Both these contentions cannot be right, and Mr. Walsh ought to find out which is correct, and then do the fair thing.

"The Coffin Ship Tragedy."

Three months ago we protested as strongly as possible when the *El Kahira* went down with her captain and crew, that the matter could not end with the mere imposition of a fine by the Board of Trade. We demanded further proceedings. The manager of the company, Ernest Olivier, shipowner, of Billiter Avenue, E.C., has now been committed for trial on a charge of allowing the ship to go to sea without a wireless installation.

Other People's Money.

Where is Private William James Hudson, formerly Notts and Derby Regiment, No. 12421? He sold the furniture belonging to a nurse in Leamington, and paid her with a dishonoured cheque for £60. He is still drawing his pension from branch post offices in London, and writing abject letters of apology to his victim. There is a warrant out for his arrest. What is the difficulty experienced by the police in finding this defaulting pensioner? Shall we find him for them?

Another Disappearing Act.

Reybould Bros., of Loughborough Road, London, S.E., advertised 50,000 gross of laces as a suitable line for small dealers. A totally disabled ex-Service man who is trying to support himself by selling such goods in a local market sent them 4s. with an order. They kept his money, but subsequent applications for the goods were returned through the post marked "Gone away, left no address." If the postal authorities would only introduce a cash on delivery system much of this petty fraud would be prevented.

Problems of Life.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF YOUTH

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE are often reminded of the disillusionment which has followed the war. We thought we were fighting for universal peace, but there is more international rivalry than ever.

We thought we had destroyed class hatred, through the comradeship of the trenches, but it never was more bitter than now.

We thought we should be living more sanely and wholesomely, but alas! preying and pleasuring make up the whole of life for some people.

Is this all that warfare has bequeathed to us? No, thank God.

On the contrary, there never was so much openly confessed idealism among young men and maidens as there is to-day.

There is one society, born in blood in the Ypres salient in 1915, which the Prince of Wales says is the best thing which came out of the war.

It is continuing amid the strain of the present difficult conditions the fellowship learned by the men who faced horror and death side by side on the battlefield.

It aims to conquer hate, to fuse all classes into one, to foster human interests in place of mere mechanism, to promote friendship and good cheer.

The same spirit is showing itself in America, where young men undergoing training for public life, and others for a business career, are pledging themselves not to seek personal profit but only the general well-being.

A leading lady doctor in London has recently said that the one inspiring motive of the women's movement everywhere is the desire to heal the wounds of the world. She gives the emphatic testimony that she does not know one young woman, rich or poor, connected with her institution who is not possessed by the desire to do good work rather than to get on.

While this spirit lives we have little to fear; civilisation will right itself.

Light Wanted.

It is but right that the man Dawson or Shpiro, the associate of the notorious "Eddie" Vivian, should be extradited to America to answer the serious charge against him, but what we want to know is how came he to land here? He was given a British visa at a time when the slightest inquiry would have revealed his real character as a gunman.

Fees and Finance.

"Why Hesitate if you Require Capital?" asks J. Freedman, of Worcester Chambers, New Street, Birmingham. Because he who hesitates may be saved the experience of a reader who applied for a loan of £50, and was assured that it would be immediately forthcoming on payment of a fee of £2 15s. for expenses, which would be refunded by deduction from the first payment of interest. He sent the £2 15s., and that was the end of the matter. Freedman has not furnished the finance, but he has frozen to the fee.

A Dutch Ditch.

A reader who answered an advertisement offering an agency received a reply from "Racona Limited," 180-182, Doornstraat, The Hague, Holland, in which he was invited to canter round the country selling "Raco," some sort of chemical cleaner which it is claimed simplifies the renovating of clothes. The going seemed good until he found that he would be expected to send £2 5s. for a supply of this wonderful preparation. That, we fear, is a ditch into which an inexperienced traveller might easily tumble, and his samples of "Raco" might not suffice to repair the damage.

Hunting for Flats.

"To Let" is the title of a publication purporting to contain particulars of vacant houses and flats, subscriptions to which at the rate of 10s. for four weeks are being solicited by "The Metropolitan Housing Association," 28 and 32, Victoria Street, London, S.W. This is nothing but another name for "The London and Suburban Agency," of the same address, run by James McArdle, which we have previously had occasion to refer to as "a fee-snatching flat-trap of the worst description." This word to the wise reader should be sufficient.

Free, Gratis and—Pay!

The exact nature of the services rendered to business men by The London Financial Service, Limited, 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C., is not disclosed in their advertisements, but they offer to send gratis and post free to anyone who writes and asks for it a book all about limited liability companies. A reader who accordingly wrote and asked for it was astonished to receive a letter from them stating that if he would forward a postal order value 5s. 6d. they would be pleased to send a copy "strictly on approval." A strange interpretation of the term "gratis."

Eyesight Quackery.

Notwithstanding repeated warnings against the dangers of wearing glasses supplied by travelling quacks, these gentry still seem to thrive. We notice that Graham Browne, who calls himself "the world-famous eyesight expert," arrived at the Alexandra Hall, Stratford, London, E., last week with a great flourish of advertisement. His ability to prescribe lenses may be gauged by the fact that he does not possess either of the usual diplomas of the Spectacle Makers' Company or of the British Optical Association held by qualified opticians. He is simply a seller of spectacles with an unusual amount of cheek.

Diddled in Dundee.

The "Royal" Tea Company, of 4, Daniel Street, Dundee, is another of the concerns which attempt to stimulate the sale of their wares by offering customers a cash bonus. A reader was promised by one of their canvassers that if she purchased a pound of tea at 3s. 6d. every week for seven weeks she would receive £2. Of course at the end of that time she discovered she had been diddled, and it is small consolation to have her attention drawn to the fact that canvassers are not authorised to state any definite period within which the bonus will be paid. Nor is it much of an excuse for such a system of trading.

Photos and Tea

AT the beginning of last year hundreds of readers of this and other popular journals were invited in the advertisement columns to send 1s. 6d. to the New Era Portrait Company of 13, Norfolk Lane, Sheffield, in return for which a portrait enlargement would be made, packed and delivered and "money refunded if not satisfied." Although, at the start, it possessed a superficial respectability, the New Era concern became just another version of the portrait-enlarging ramp.

Since that date New Era have sent us a similar advertisement for reinsertion but, having so many complaints, we refused to accept or publish it. And as our readers are insured against dissatisfaction arising out of our advertisements, we have reimbursed many who have sent money to the New Era.

This concern had as its prime mover a George Stockil, and originally worked from Norfolk Lane, Sheffield, later moving to a building at the back of No. 54, Chesterfield Road.

At Chesterfield Road, Stockil was joined by W. B. Winter, who had made various endeavours after the will-o'-the-wisp called Fortune.

They employed women and girls for house-to-house canvassing in the Sheffield district, and Stockil himself admits that the result of his advertising in our columns was hundreds of replies, presumably accompanied by the eighteen-penny postal orders.

Then the trouble began. One of our Gloucestershire readers complained to us that the 6s. 3d. he sent in July had never been acknowledged. A Glasgow reader sent 1s. 6d., with the same result.

We immediately wrote Stockil a strong letter. He explained, with delightful ingenuity, that the Ruhr trouble was holding up supplies of materials, but promised definitely that the ordered goods would be sent our readers that day. They were never sent—we repaid our readers the money that they had sent to Stockil.

This we did in numerous cases, but money does not satisfy a poor woman who has parted with the only photo she has of the son whose battered body lies under the sod of the Somme.

The latest venture by Stockil, Winter and company is New Era Tea. To get this over they undertake to give each week three pound notes to customers, the sole condition being that the lucky ones take New Era Tea regularly and recommend it to their friends.

Stockil has tried to cover up his tracks by moving first to one address and then to another. After leaving Chesterfield Road, he went to Arundel Street, only to move again suddenly and mysteriously. We have, however, managed to track him down to Rydal Road, Sheffield, from which address he sallies out each day to canvass the surrounding districts for orders for New Era specialities—photos and tea.

The Limit in Housing Ramps

THERE is no place like Home; but there will be no place called "Home" for the eager house-seekers who trust their money to the individual exposed below. If you want a fireside of your own give him a miss.

ETERNAL vigilance, it is said, is the price of liberty. And certainly if one had a hundred eyes they would all be wanted to watch the activities of some of the people whose business it is to run flat-catching ramps.

Our Special Commissioner has been following up the career of a man called James S. Nunn, one chapter of whose story we told in exposing recently the Easton Building Corporation, Ltd., of Cromwell House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, formed to build houses for investors.

It was an illuminating story. The company took over the contracts of a previous company, also formed by Nunn. It went smash within a year. And, a month before the smash came, Nunn formed another company to take over the débris. The public lost thousands.

One would have thought that a record of this kind would have kept Mr. Nunn out of the building business for a while. What might have made him more bashful about starting new enterprises is the fact that he has had some experience of bankruptcy, having been in that Court on more than one occasion.

* * *

The Easton Building Corporation, Ltd., was wound up early in 1922. We now find that by the end of the same year Nunn, undeterred by its fate, opened up a building and contracting business in Duke Street, Strand, under the title of "Strouds." Stroud is his middle name; many people might think that his middle name should be Audacity.

From Duke Street he took "Strouds" to Villiers Street, and, at the present time, is operating from Gloucester House, 19, Charing Cross Road.

"Strouds" pursued the usual method of sending out a beautifully illustrated booklet to induce people to put down their money to have a house built for them. From this booklet we take the liberty of making one or two quotations.

"We bring the experience of a lifetime to bear on every little point." That is very kind of "Strouds," and of James Stroud Nunn. There is no mention, however, in this experience of a lifetime of the disastrous fate of the Easton Building Corporation, Ltd.

"We are not cheap builders in the popular acceptation of the term." Mr. James Stroud Nunn is certainly not a cheap builder in any acceptation of the term, popular or otherwise. People who have entrusted their money to him, and lost it, have got nothing for it but experience, part no doubt of the experience of a lifetime which Mr. Nunn so willingly offers to distribute.

"Our experience, service and advice is at the disposal of every prospective customer, free of charge, and a visit to our offices may smooth out apparent difficulties standing in the way of the average man of limited means, whom we are always anxious to meet to the uttermost of our power."

Mr. Stroud Nunn has met a good many of these people, and their difficulties in consequence have been much more apparent.

Housed at present in the same building as "Strouds" are two companies, the first called Strouds (Housing Specialists), Ltd., one of the directors being Mr. J. S. Nunn. The other is called Strouds (Constructions), Ltd., and the directors are S. J. Milton and H. L. Nunn, whose private address, by the way, is the same as that of Mr. J. Stroud Nunn. A winding-up order was made recently respecting the latter company.

Apparently, James Stroud Nunn thinks no more of forming a company than most people would of calling a taxi. A plumber went to see him recently in reply to an advertisement for men in a small way of business, to build houses or part of houses. He was much surprised to find that Mr. J. S. Nunn proposed, if the plumber could assure him of sufficient working capital, that a limited company should be formed—under the plumber's name and control—which Mr. Nunn would keep supplied with work to the extent of ten times its working capital.

The offer was not accepted, and the plumber is therefore better off than another man who last April paid to Nunn, trading as "Strouds," £200 deposit to build a little house on his own ground at Wembley.

Nunn has got the deposit and, all his customer has got so far is four walls and some timber. The house was to have been finished three months from starting. It is not finished yet, and there is no indication when it will!

* * *

We are glad to have traced this enterprising person, Nunn, to his present sphere of operation. We hope we may be in time to put other people on their guard as to the risk they will be taking if they entrust the building of a house to housing specialists who undertake to build houses "finished in the superlative Stroud style."

Superlative is a blessed word, like Mesopotamia. There are occasions when its use is superlative impudence.

Pictures that Fade Away

FILM artistes in this country have pocketed their pride sufficiently to hold public meetings in favour of the promotion of a trade union that will protect their interests by minimising the unfair competition of American films and native, inexperienced amateurs.

At a Hyde Park demonstration famous film stars appeared in the flesh before an audience of over five thousand to plead the cause of their profession, 75 per cent. of whom have been out of work for so long that they are being forced over the poverty line into literal starvation.

In view of this bitter fact, how the various kinema "schools" dare issue their attractive and alluring prospectuses we cannot conceive.

The latest to appear is the "National Film Studios" of Limes Road, Croydon, which, on the strength of now occupying the same premises as the Clarendon Film Co., Ltd.—a reputable producing firm—declares itself to be "Successors to the Clarendon Film Company."

This "school" addresses a stock letter to all and sundry, stating that the recipient has talent which the "school" has the "means and ability not only to develop but also to give it publicity." It proceeds to offer "our studios, together with one of England's greatest producers, for the purpose of your instruction." It may be an oversight that Messrs. Bird & Vickery, who run this concern, do not name this producer.

But the usual high-flown language is used—"a thorough course of training at our studios . . . when members are nearing efficiency they will be filmed and shown the result of their labours in our own theatre. After having obtained further experience" (we wonder if this involves an additional fee?) "we shall produce a super film to be shown at one of the leading theatres in Croydon."

We do not believe that anything of the kind will happen. In the film trade a "Super Film" is a recognised term applied to the most expensive and most elaborate productions. To produce one of these with the poor material that even the best of "student-artistes" are, for one exhibition in a Croydon theatre, would involve the promoters in a loss running into five figures.

And, further, we are sure that the Cinematograph Exhibitors Association, which controls the kinemas, would not allow such an exhibition in view of their publicly announced attitude towards all factors that harm the British film industry.

Kinema schools are condemned by every responsible person in the film business. Moreover, "student-artistes" are barred from studios and booking agents. These facts, together with the over-glutted studio-market, should be sufficient to prevent "schools" from obtaining fees from fatuously optimistic aspirants.

Huge Furniture Swindle

THE man who sinks into his arm-chair of a night talks affectionately of his furniture as his "bits of sticks." But at least he knows the difference between furniture and firewood—which is more than one firm does!

THE desire to have a home is one of the highest and noblest instincts of the human race. In these trying times of housing shortage and high prices it is for most people more than ever difficult to attain.

It is disgraceful that these are the very conditions in which a wretched and greedy and unscrupulous crowd of mug-hunters find their favoured opportunity for trading to their great advantage on the difficulties of struggling people.

There is a firm called F. Webb's Furnishing Stores, at 478, High Road, Tottenham, the proprietor of which is also a money-lender. It specialises in offers which are likely to capture young people who are about to marry.

We have more than once referred in passing to the way Mr. Webb loads the dice against his customers, and have repeatedly advised readers who have written to us not to have any dealings with this money-lending home-furnishing philanthropist.

Further, we have advised some of those who have got into his toils to seek the protection of the County Court, but in view of the nature and extent of his activities, it is time we gave this firm the widest publicity we can.

It advertises extensively all over the country, and does a large business with people in the provinces. In one case it advertised a consignment of furniture for sale at eighteen guineas, the furniture to be put free on rail. That has long been the stock-in-trade of this firm's method of raiding the public. It is suggested, to emphasise the opportunity of a "Bargain," that the furniture is second-hand, being described as "nearly new."

Customers have complained to us that the "bedroom suite, overmantel and centre table" were merely of bamboo. The rest of the stuff was cheap and nasty, as nasty as the methods employed in selling it.

It was stated that a deposit of £3 or £4 would secure this furnishing of a home, costing eighteen guineas and being worth £50. Customers who have sent on the deposit found that they were not allowed to get the furniture until they had paid the balance. The security works in favour of the firm.

One man paid two pounds deposit and then decided that the happy home offered for him was not in the least degree what he wanted. He asked for his deposit back. He was promptly ordered out of the shop. If this were a real and occasional opportunity, the firm might plead some justification for holding on to a deposit in this way. It is not.

The firm sells this "nearly new" suite by the dozen every week, buying them from manufacturers and advertising them as "nearly new."

There is a whole elaborate machinery of stereotyped circulars, which sing the praises of this nearly new suite all over the country.

The description of it reads like a catalogue of a complete home. Many people who, with great struggle and self-sacrifice have scraped together a few pounds, their all in the world, have parted with it after reading these advertisements.

The bedding is described as all new; the black and brass fender is massive, the oil paintings are beautiful, and the parlour suite good and substantial. And the wool overlay, for the black and brass bedstead, is the best quality.

Even if you pay your eighteen guineas down you do not get the furniture, little as you might like it when it is delivered. The firm then springs a further demand for £1 5s. for "packing," and sometimes a still further demand for "carriage."

You may think when you get a "Bargain," free on rail, that it is packed in a way suitable for carriage by rail. That is not the firm's idea.

The people who are gulled by an advertisement of this kind are very often simple country people. They have paid their deposit and they do not know that the new demand for more money breaks their contract and enables them to cancel it. This valuable information is accordingly presented to prospective customers of Webb's Furnishing Stores.

We may add that "Deposit would Secure" apparently only means that the deposit would secure the firm, not the customers. It only means that you would secure by deposit, not the goods, but the opportunity to get them after paying in full for them, a concession for which nobody but a congenital idiot would be under any obligation to be grateful for.

In Tottenham the firm is pretty well known, as it was scathingly denounced last week by Judge Crawford, in a case where a bilked customer was wise enough to seek the protection of the Edmonton County Court. But people in the country are much less informed.

His Honour said Webb's methods revealed a disgraceful state of things, and the course of business adopted was very reprehensible. He hoped the Public Prosecutor or somebody else would stop it.

If the Public Prosecutor finds himself unable to act, we intend to be the "somebody else," and to do whatever can be done to bring to an end this persistent and heartless and widely advertised rascally home-furnishing ramp.

Official Boy-stealers

WHEN a boy of sixteen, whose father has arranged a different career for him, is taken away, against his father's will and sent into the army, it is time something was said.

While Mr. L. H. Hollifield, 11, Millbank Street, Stockton-on-Tees, was fighting for his country in the Great War, his twelve-year-old son at home became wild and troublesome—a familiar feature of life in that time of stress and trial.

He was not bad—only wild and irresponsible. His naughtiness was confined to the home, and affected nobody outside. But his father, returning from the war and fearing for the lad's future, resolved to save him at all costs from taking the wrong path.

He did not spare the rod, until he found that he might go too far. It was useless. Then he invoked outside aid, and took the high-spirited and difficult lad to the police-court and sought advice.

The twelve-year-old lad was sent to Wellesley Training Ship for four years. The grateful father, relieved of anxiety, paid five shillings a week for him out of his own pension of a little more than ten shillings a week.

He had his reward. Away from home, the lad found himself. The father, preparing against the time of his boy's return, got him the offer of employment in a local brass-foundry.

Then authority intervened. The boy finished his time on the training-ship, and authority shipped him off, not to his home but to the 2nd Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, under orders for foreign service, for seven-years.

The father, who had sent his boy away for four years, did not wish to lose him for another seven. Eleven years is a long time for parents to be parted from their children.

What was the reply? It was, in effect, that the father was no longer the boy's guardian, having been replaced by the Commandant of the Training Ship, who had consented, and obtained the boy's consent, to the enlistment.

That was enough to satisfy the army authorities, but not enough to satisfy the parent. Who was he, anyway? Only the old soldier who had spent half his pension to help his boy.

The military authorities discussed the matter, dwelling on "the expense caused to the State, and the inconvenience to the battalion" by losing the boy—and kept him.

It is a mean and discreditable thing—this picture of well-paid colonels sobbing over the cost to the State of a drummer boy's railway fare—and closing, with a bang, the door against the father's plea and a mother's prayer.

Is Whitehall cognisant of this? Does the War Office approve? If not, let it confound the colonels, and send the boy—where he ought to be—home.

An Elusive Bird

WHILE the politicians are talking of protection for the farmer, the farmer would be glad of protection from the police.

A lesson to the too-zealous commercial patronisers of the farmer is given in the case of Frederick Huggett of Boundary Road, Barking, who is now serving the exemplary sentence of three years penal servitude for obtaining money from farmers by false pretences. There was a big batch of complaints, and it appeared that Huggett had also been convicted in Lancashire and Leicestershire.

When false pretences can be proved in a court of law the farmer gets some satisfaction if he does not get much of his own back. But very often he gets nothing in return for his goods except lame excuses.

A man about whom a great many complaints have been made is Mr. J. Bird, an elusive trader who ran a business called "R. Watson and Company" which closed down on account of its liabilities. It dealt in poultry and farm produce, buying from farmers many of whom found they could not get paid. Mr. Bird became bankrupt. Shortly afterwards he started again as R. Watson and Co., Ltd., and changed his name to Robert Watson.

A firm which is giving a great deal of trouble to the country people dealing with it is Messrs. S. Marks and Co., Limited, of Cromford Court, Manchester. One of their customers sent a consignment of eggs worth £36. He did not get his money. Two months later he was still in correspondence with a view to getting it, and had threatened the firm with the attentions of the police and with a threat of bankruptcy. The firm generously replied that they had nothing to hide.

A further two months later they were still making excuses but had not paid. They have not paid yet.

The firm of S. Marks and Co. Limited, was formed in 1920 as the Kandy Kist Company, Limited. It changed its name in 1922 to its present title. The original directors were Messrs. Colbourn and Lord, but later two other directors came in named S. Marks and S. Moss. They resigned last March, and Colbourn and Lord again were in control.

The firm has had several addresses, Cannon Street, Manchester; Greengate, Salford, as well as Cromford Court, Manchester, and we find that there are at least sixteen county court summonses registered against them.

If the farmers knew the kind of people who invite their trade they might be very much more careful. The moral of this story is clear—farmers should take the ordinary business precaution of getting references before they part with goods. Even their remissness, however, is no excuse for the laxity and apathy of the well-paid officials of the Board of Trade.

A Court Comedy

Chasing the Rainbow!

"HE'S not what you'd call a bad lad, sir; but he's got a lot of high-falutin notions and he's been spending his money on girls."

It was a poignant moment. There stood an elderly man, with "silver threads among the gold," pleading, in tremulous tones, the cause of the fine strapping lad—the pride of his heart and home.

Son of a well-respected working man whose chief asset was an unblemished record of loyal service to his employer, Frederick Hillman had embraced the gospel of hard work by becoming a roundsman for a local newsagent. And the fatal lure of a romantic adventure had beckoned him on from one trivial extravagance to another. At seventeen Youth craves romance and adventure. Frederick had revelled in both. . . Now he was to pay the price.

Perhaps that hard-working father now regrets that the wild spirits of his lad had not been checked more. Fond parental affection is both the greatest virtue and the greatest vice of some parents—"You have provided your boy with good clothing; he's very well dressed, and girls are impressed by him. It would be better if he were made to provide for himself a little more" was the homily by the Highgate magistrate before whom Frederick stood accused of embezzling many small sums from his employer.

"I am very sorry for all this," he pleaded, his erstwhile recklessness leaving him in pathetic isolation as he stood in the dock. "I have been spending the money at a café."

But it was left for others to explain that the café had been the rendezvous where he met the particular object of his mobile affections. That the café was both the summit of his exultation and the depth of his humiliation. It was the Temple of Romance and the Tomb of his Self-respect.

Over its marble-topped tables Youthful Love had whispered its soft nothings ere the grim hand of the law had dashed the cup of joy from the lips of this youth with the amorous mind, . . . "You richly deserve to go to prison," remarked the magistrate.

And then, with the lad trembling in the dock and the anxious parent hanging with hopeful dread, on his words, the kindly magistrate had a talk "as father to father" with Hillman, senior.

"In an attempt to maintain his appearance and continue to impress the girl he was tempted and yielded. He wants a few bubbles pricked," remarked the Man on the Bench.

What would the sentence be? Was he to be saved from a life of crime? Was he to feel the taint of the jail of his young life?

". . . On probation for two years."

And an old, honest working-man father brushed a sleeve over his eyes.

Ajax Drops a Brick

IF you suffer from nerves and are tempted to purchase one of those electric appliances illustrated with forked lightning flashing from it, think twice about dealing with the firm mentioned here. Where there is lightning there is invariably thunder!

SOME men are born great: some achieve greatness: and some seek to attain it by bounce, bluff and bluster.

There is a very busy firm called the British Electric Institute, of 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, which appears to believe implicitly in the bluff and bluster method.

Its trade mark is Ajax—the mythological hero of antiquity who defied the lightning. The modern Ajax specialises in thunder.

Ajax Limited, to give the Institute its short name, sells to the public up and down the country electric batteries endowed with what are supposed to be curative properties. We propose here to illuminate their lightning methods.

An honest railwayman in the country, to select one of many cases, got one of their lists and sent for their "B" grade battery. He was suffering from nerves—and thought this might do him good.

He sent 15s. deposit, and was to pay 7s. 6d. a month for the balance due, the complete cost of the battery he ordered being £3 15s.

Ajax got on to him like lightning. They explained to him that "B" battery (at £3 15s.) though very good, was not good enough for him. They told him he ought to have an "F" grade battery (at £19 10s.).

The railwayman demurred. He said quite frankly that he couldn't afford £19 10s., and asked for the "B" battery he had ordered—or his 15s. deposit back.

Ajax again acted like lightning. £19 10s. being out of the question, it suggested a "D" grade battery at £9. Again the railwayman demurred.

So then this obliging firm, abandoning the forked lightning, when the client would not fork out any more, sent on a battery for the agreed amount.

Now if the battery had worked well, and done any good, the buyer would have had no complaint. Unfortunately it did not do him any good. He found that it greatly upset his nerves. So he sent it back and asked for the return of his deposit, less expenses.

Ajax sent it back again, and for a third time it travelled to and fro between London and Smethwick.

The railway worker got somewhat tired of this game of battledore and shuttlecock, and finally sent a letter saying that he had made up his mind not to have any more to do with electricity, repeating that it upset his nerves, and repeating also, in case it might be overlooked, that he would like his 15s. back, less expenses, which was very reasonable.

Then Ajax broke loose. It let go the lightning and threw in the thunder.

In a formidable document, marked "Strictly private and confidential,"—an endeavour, no doubt, to avoid publicity and "without prejudice" an effort to borrow the dignity of the law—Ajax spoke out. Here is the communication:

"The only conclusion we can come to from your abominable letter to hand is that you are utterly unscrupulous, and we believe that we shall be doing a public service by instructing our solicitor to expose you.

"Will you please, therefore, take notice that our solicitors will receive instructions to proceed against you in the most drastic fashion that the law allows, and we reserve the right to produce the whole of your letters and documents in Court in support of our proceedings.

"You will also notice that as the transaction took place in London we shall call you to account in our local courts, and as we do not propose to be victimised any further by you, we shall ask the court for advance indemnity from you."

A formidable letter indeed—quite full of electricity.

We advise the honest railwayman to ignore it. We have seen others equally as electrifying from this modern Ajax.

Let us take another case from our dossier. A soldier's wife scraped together enough money to buy one of these electrifying appliances which, a month or two after she got it, was pronounced by a local doctor to be utterly useless for her complaint and worth at the most no more than a few shillings. She had paid £21 for it.

We have had many complaints from people who have been induced to try these electrifying belts and batteries. And would warn the nerve-suffering public, tempted by the alluring and extensively broadcast circulars of Ajax, that Ajax can be thoroughly disagreeable and threatening when his lightning, as is so often the case, fails to effect a cure.

Nerves do not always agree with the generous, if not gentle, attentions of Ajax electricity.

Bluff! Bounce! Bluster!

The words seem hopelessly inadequate to Ajax at the top of his form.

A Leech in Petticoats

THERE are many, many ways of making money, but Mrs. L. J. Olivier, of 168, Mushroom Lane, Sheffield, is up to date in her methods. By sub-letting houses she is making at least £2,500 a year by fleecing the unfortunate victims of the housing shortage!

The war provided Mrs. Olivier with her opportunity, and so in 1915 she began to buy up scores of dilapidated houses in the worst slum districts, which she splits up into furnished apartments. On her own showing she is able to make a profit of at least £100 a year on each of them.

The charge made for living in such a room is 15s. per week. And when it is realised that the ordinary rent of the *whole house* is 8s. per week it can be seen that by letting the seven rooms at 15s. she is "coining it." In one house in a very gloomy and dirty street, there are twenty-four persons, male and female, living in nine rooms and paying a total rent of £3 6s. 6d., while the woman "farmer" is paying a weekly rent of 9s. to the owner of the property.

Whole families live, cook and sleep in a single room. Sanitary conditions are totally inadequate. Of facilities for cooking, or even washing, there are none. In one house of twelve rooms, occupied by six families paying an average rent of 11s., there is only one sink and one tap supplying water for all.

Mrs. Olivier "farms" No. 112 Trippet Lane in the city. This was originally a workshop let at 11s. weekly clear of rates. In April, 1916, Olivier took the place over for a dwelling-house. Although it only consisted of seven rooms, six families lived in it.

One of the tenants is a disabled ex-soldier, named Fox. He, with his wife and two children, live in the front room on the ground floor, measuring 10 ft. by 6 ft. The room is "furnished" with sticks worth at most 50s.; it is very dark and one of the windows is barricaded up.

For this house of seven rooms Olivier paid 8s. 11d. per week rent; for his one room she made Fox pay 12s. 6d. per week, charging for the sticks of furniture double what it was worth.

Olivier also secured possession of a disused public-house, known as "The Turk's Head." She let all the rooms to house-hunters, some furnished, others not so. James Warner occupied one room on the first and another on the third floor; these were unfurnished and for them he had to pay 10s. 6d. per week.

Albert Reeves is the tenant of one of Mrs. Olivier's "furnished apartments, at 126, Scotland Street. It is a "ground floor back"; all the windows broken and the premises most insanitary. There are six families in the house, with only one sink between them, and the washing has to be done in the dust-bin.

Reeves has been there two years, in which time his two children have died there. He has had to pay 11s. per week. This house is yielding Olivier £312 per year. She is in a large way of business in this particular line, having nearly forty houses under her control, with about fifty tenants in them.

Ghosts of Our Social Sins

by The Rev. F. W. NORWOOD, D.D.

(Pastor of the City Temple).

WE are all together in the wilderness, says the writer of this article, and the grim spectre in our midst is Unemployment. Our greatest danger is that the men of the underworld attribute their misery to the sins of the upper-world, and they of the upper-world trace it to the sinful pillar-pulling of Labour. When will this terrible social evil be removed?

GHOSTS of our social sins. So I called them, if not in a flash of inspiration, at least in a moment of emotion. The phrase has attracted some attention, and from many quarters I am urged to amplify it or challenged to substantiate it.

They were a considerable section of the Unemployed. They had marched, ten thousand strong, through the streets of Westminster, and some two thousand of them afterwards assembled at the City Temple, where they passed a resolution calling the attention of Government to their sufferings, and demanding some alleviation.

What made them seem like a portent was the fact that they had chosen for their demonstration the day of the re-opening of Parliament. London and his wife had assembled in the stately avenues and squares contiguous to the Houses of Parliament in order to see the King and Queen, and the notable of the land arrive, in splendid procession. The more privileged went within to behold Parliament opened amid historic scenes of brilliant pageantry.

OUTSIDE, though, as by law decreed, not within one mile of the House itself, London's "out-of-works" paraded, shepherded by the courteous strength of the finest police force in the world. Later, a large section of them filled this famous church in Holborn.

I sat upon the platform watching them assemble. There were some breaches of established etiquette, there was more noise than usual, there were some flamboyant banners, and a large red flag.

Let it be said, however, in a word, that there was an attentive and respectful hearing given to each speaker. The theme was not an academic one, but had to do with bread and butter and decent housing conditions.

They caused one a throb at the heart. They were mostly under fifty years of age, their clothes were poor in quality, many were under-sized, not a few were palpably under-fed. They showed traces of that most demoralising, disintegrating thing—Unemployment!

It was my place as Chairman to welcome them, and I said the thing that leaped to my lips like flame, "Gentlemen, you are the ghosts of our Social Sins."

AND now I am asked to defend, or at least explain, the phrase. To some it seems a dangerous statement made at a critical time. The moment is certainly inauspicious for defence; for even in Westminster, in a setting of rich robes and sparkling jewels, a Labour Government has just now grasped the keys of office.

The ghosts of old Parliamentarians, if they still haunt St. Stephen's, might well have been clustering affrighted about the Speaker's Chair, gazing upon the phenomenon of a Socialist Ministry about to seat itself short-coated and bowler-hatted, redolent of the workshop and the coal-mine, where the flower of our English governing classes had been wont to bloom.

STRIDENT voices, terse and colloquial in phraseology, are about to promulgate measures of world-wide significance from the places where cultured tones laden with classical quotations, had once maintained the aristocratic dignity of proud old England.

Almost instantaneously, as though reckless and hasty, a section of important working-men, drivers, firemen and cleaners of trains, have chosen to paralyse the life of the country, and condemn millions of people to rain-soaked irritating inconvenience because they are unwilling to abide by the decision of their own chosen leaders upon a question of wages.

No wonder there are angry and even frightened people who are ready to condemn Labour at a moment's notice.

To them the men of the underworld may be spectral monsters; would that they were only pale and ineffectual ghosts. And they deny for themselves the imputation of "Sin."

IT is a curiosity of our human nature that sin is seldom admitted when the charge is brought by others.

Here is the danger-point in our present situation. The men of the under-world attribute their miseries to the sins of the upper-world; and they of the upper-world, conscious that it rocks insecurely, trace it to the sinful pillar-pulling of the blind Samson they call Labour.

It would really be better if we all refrained from using such controversial theological words for a time.

The fact is, we are all together in the wilderness. With the best will in the world, it will be difficult to find our way out. With both sides sure that they are right, and equally sure that their opponents are wrong, we may all be benighted there.

But since I have used the word sin, I must justify it, thought I have no desire to inflame class-bitterness.

It cannot be denied that the power of the working-man is only of recent growth. If it presents a somewhat threatening appearance, should not those who have enjoyed power for many centuries ask themselves if they are free from responsibility?

HAS sufficient attention been paid to the human factor in Commerce? Has there never been a tendency to depreciate wages and lengthen hours of labour, which the law of supply and demand does not justify? Was poverty not regarded as a convenient arrangement, if not a Divinely-ordained adjunct to production? Has it never been considered unwise to educate the poor?

I abominate strikes as I have come to loathe war. I regard both as the clumsiest and most brutal methods of effecting small alterations, with disastrous financial loss, and incredible suffering upon the part of innocent people which the stupidity of man has ever blundered into; but would the worker have advanced his position and prospects without them? Have we not created them by our cupidity or at least by our criminal negligence?

The evil now threatens to shift to the other side. The working-man shows a disposition to be satisfied merely to reverse the see-saw of power. But it is scarcely fair yet awhile for the Capitalistic classes to find satisfaction in asserting their innocence.

ONE other thing I must say. No reasonable man can deny that the problem of unemployment is largely the result of the meanness of spirit in which world-peace was conceived. In the war settlement man as man was not prominent. In our clumsy attempts to administer what we called at the time, "Justice," in our deliberate wish to cripple our foes, in our preference for territorial acquisitions above racial reconciliation we have only succeeded so far in paralysing our industries

A Continent which cannot survive except by trade, which is pathetically eager to trade, but is powerless to carry its wishes into effect is the result of our united short-sightedness.

I AM not going to say that the working man, at the time, was more magnanimous than others, but at least he is suffering more acutely, and is awakening more quickly.

To these two facts the elevation of Labour to power is mainly due. The passion that throbs in the heart of the workers is the desire for fuller life.

I anticipate that there will be many blunders. We are in for a time of unrest. We cannot cry down the new movement. We must not let its mistakes blind us to the reasonableness in its heart.

That there should be so many thwarted and unfulfilled lives in our midst should haunt our consciences. They are "ghosts" and nothing else, and we shall lay them only as we pull together in a growing conviction that trade was made for man and not man for trade.

No party needs sane leadership to-day more than Labour. Heaven grant that it may find it in the hour of its testing.

The Rev. F. W. Norwood, D.D.
(The Famous Preacher.)

THE GHOSTS

WHILE London's thousands lined up in Whitehall to see the King ride past, battalions of weary work-seekers trekked behind their bands and banners towards the Embankment.

From Bethnal Green and Tottenham they had come; from Poplar and from Woolwich; from almost every part of London.

Women had staggered along with crying babies in their arms and old men groaned under heavy poles from which banners fluttered in the breeze.

One of the banners was an illustration of Christ on the Cross while a soldier was thrusting his bayonet into a fellow human-being.

The scene in the City Temple itself was remarkable.—Daily Press.

* * *

And in every town and city throughout Great Britain there is this grim hollow-eyed army of ghosts to haunt the national conscience.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To LORD ROTHERMERE,
Carmelite House.

MY LORD,—Having failed to impose your will on the country and prevent the Labour Party assuming the office to which they are constitutionally entitled, you have climbed down and offered to extend your tolerant patronage to them. They will, I fear, treat your money with the same silent contempt with which they treated your acid. I thought your whirligig politics could afford me no further surprises, but I was wrong. When the *Daily Mail* urges us not to forget our alliance with Russia, or her noble efforts during the war, I cannot conceal my amazement at your journalistic jugglery. JOHN BULL.

To The Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON,
Home Secretary.

SIR,—I strongly urge you to begin your new duties by ordering a re-opening of the Mason case. Apart from the fact that the suppression of the evidence on which he was reprieved has caused grave uneasiness in the country, the serious mishandling of the whole case by the police calls urgently for investigation. I have never concealed my opinion that the real murderer has not yet stood in the dock. Order a fresh investigation and I can promise you some surprising discoveries. JOHN BULL.

To F. C. GOODENOUGH, Esq.,
Chairman, Barclays Bank.

SIR,—It is comforting to hear you say—and you ought to know—that British credit stands firmer to-day than at any time since the war. The scaremongers and the stunt-merchants deserve no thanks for this unassailable position, but the people who have kept their heads are glad to get this re-assuring statement. We have a hard enough financial battle to fight as a nation—and we are winning through in spite of the "defeatists" and their foolish clamour. Hats off to everybody but England is not a war-cry; it is a dismal and despicable whine. JOHN BULL.

To The Rt. Hon. JOHN WHEATLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

SIR,—You have got one of the toughest jobs in the Labour Government—and the opportunity of doing the greatest good to the greatest number. You learned in Glasgow something of the evil and suffering caused by slums. Without forgetting Glasgow, remember the other cities full of similar terrible problems. Take off your coat to the job—and good luck to you. Your predecessors dreamed of houses for the people. Give them houses! JOHN BULL.

To M. POINCARE,
Prime Minister of France.

MONSIEUR,—My attention has been drawn to the Bill that you have just introduced in the French Chamber, the effect of which will be to prohibit the importation into France of British goods. I am bitterly disappointed at this your latest act of statemanship which puts another strain on the *entente cordiale* that I am anxious to see remain intact. You appear to have overlooked that occasion when King George V. urged the people of this Empire to drink light French wines in order to increase the prosperity of a French industry. Cannot both countries drop this policy of pin-pricks? JOHN BULL.

To JUDGE MELLOR,
Manchester County Court.

YOUR HONOUR,—When you had before you a claim for the possession of a house tenanted by an old lady you appear to have, with Solomonic wisdom, skirted the strict application of the law and followed the dictates of humanity. The applicant was, as you aptly put it, "a man, alive and kicking." The tenant was eighty-five years of age, critically ill and likely to die at any time. The strict letter of the law is on the side of the applicant, but you and Humanity were on the side of the old lady. "I'm not going to turn the old lady out in the middle of winter," you said. Good man! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD BYNG,
Governor-General of Canada.

YOUR EXCELLENCY.—Time after time protests have been made about the ill-treatment of British boy immigrants on Canadian farms. Official explanations do not put an end to the tragedies. John Bulpitt, a sixteen-year-old British boy, hanged himself on a farm in Huron County. The jury found that the boy was in an unsuitable home, had received unmerited punishment, and expressed the opinion that the present system of home inspection for immigrant British children is inadequate. Can nothing be done to mend the system and save the child-lives? JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Commissioner BOOTH-TUCKER,
Salvation Army Headquarters, London.

MADAM,—During your special campaign in Aberdeen you addressed a large crowd of young people on the question of "Love, Courtship and Marriage," in the course of which you gave the youth of that city some good advice. I hasten to congratulate you on the sanity of your sound common-sense in urging your hearers not to trouble so much about physical beauty as mental suitabilities. If the Salvation Army is out to propagate such an extremely practical work-a-day gospel, I shall have to buy a red jersey! JOHN BULL.

To the LORD MAYOR,
Hull.

SIR,—Some explanation is due from you for your treatment of Councillor Mrs. Hatfield. The whole of the Council has been invited to a Civic Reception with the exception of this lady, who is the only woman member of the Council. Added to this gratuitous insult is another: Mrs. Hatfield attended the dance of the Corporation Nurses, and while all the other Councillors sat at your table, she was placed at a side table with the staff and strangers. Mrs. Hatfield is greatly respected in Hull for her loyal service to the city. What have you to say? JOHN BULL.

To BAILIE VERNON,
Stonehaven.

SIR,—Were you endeavouring to insult the farm-workers of your district when you criticised their application for the use of the Town Hall for their dance? You begged the Council to look carefully into the question of what footwear the ploughmen would use at the dance. As though they would even dream of attempting to step the light fantastic in hobnails! Fortunately, you were put in your place by Bailie Taylor. He told you that at a similar function last year it was found they came with their dancing pumps just like townspeople. Now apologise. JOHN BULL.

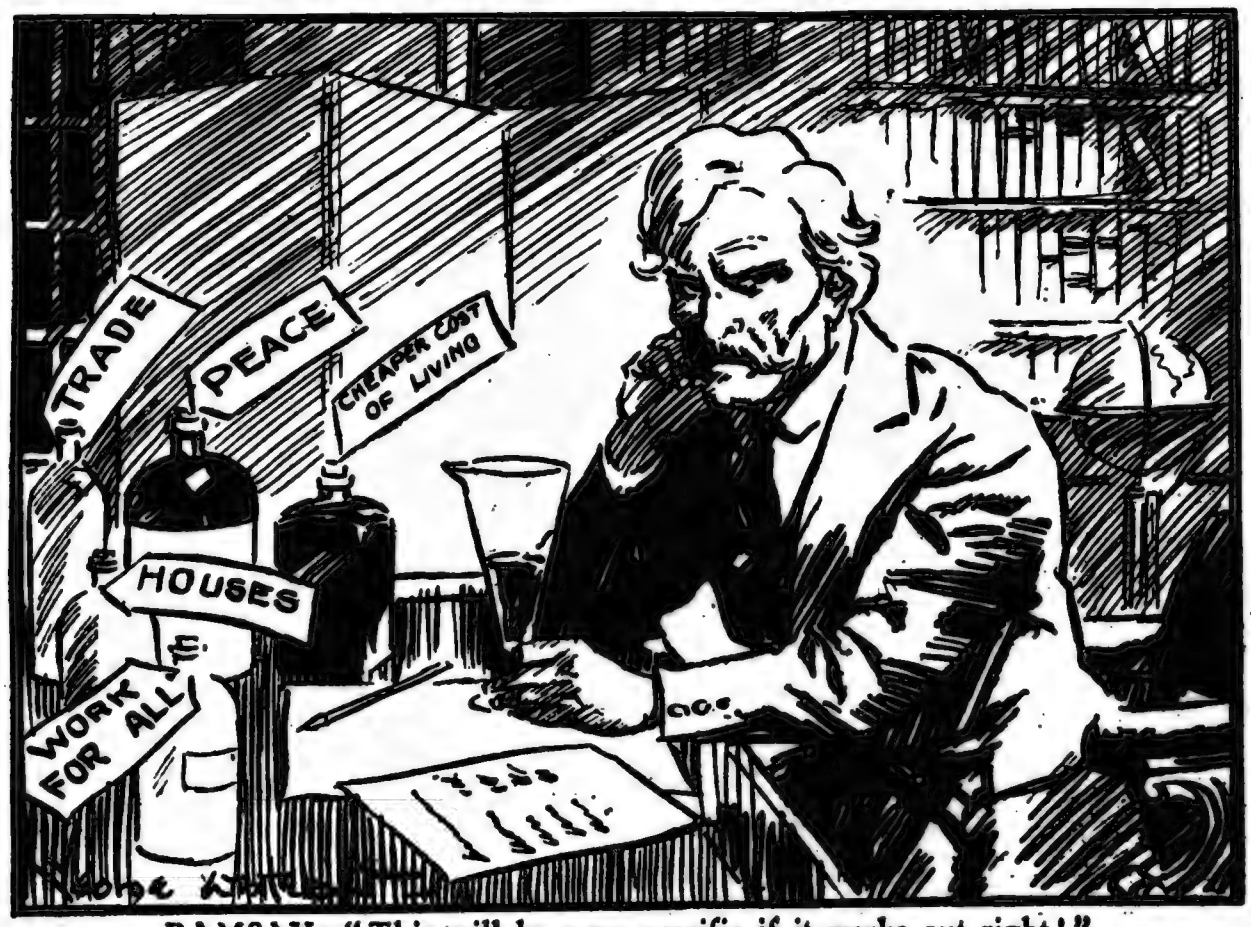
To LORD GARVAGH,
1, Orme Square, London, W.

MY LORD,—Exactly six months later than might have been the case you have decided to resign from the Presidency of the "British Fascisti." It would have been wiser if you had never allowed yourself to be entangled with the idiotic concern. This country has no room for secret organisations, and in lending the prestige of your name to the imitation Mussolinis you have established yourself as a fine laughing stock for country. JOHN BULL.

To The Revd. J. SMITH,
Vicar of Chertsey.

SIR,—Allow me to welcome you to the ranks of Common-sense Clerics, whose number, by the way, is *not* legion. "Why should the devil have all the fun?" you asked some of your kill-joy parishioners, and then you told them to go in for dancing for all they are worth. There are so many white-collared gentry who try to take the sun out of Sunday that I like your level-headed views. Your rollicking religion is just the thing to attract youth to the Church. JOHN BULL.

THE MAGIC NOSTRUM!



RAMSAY: "This will be some specific if it works out right!"

Without Fear or Favour

MIRACLES THAT MISS FIRE

Try Common-sense!

AFTER an irritating and futile strike the differences between the Railway Companies and the Locomotive Engineers remain to be settled by negotiation. It is always so. As we said last week, the strike is an archaic weapon, wholly unsuited to modern conditions.

The advent of a Labour Government offers a splendid opportunity for the adoption of more rational methods. A crisis is developing among the miners. The underground workers are dissatisfied with their earnings, and by a great majority have decided to repudiate the present national wages agreement.

In the absence of a fresh agreement this decision is to become operative in three months' time. Three months for reflection, for negotiation, for the exercise of good will and common-sense. If this period of grace is sensibly used, under wise guidance from the new Government, there need be no miners' strike in April.

In the long run, strike or no strike, there will have to be a settlement by negotiation. Either this settlement will be reached peaceably without the loss and dislocation involved in a stoppage of the mines, or it will come later, when the funds of the Miners' Federation are depleted and the coal-mining industry has received a check from which it may never recover.

The country looks to the new Government to use all its influence to avert a deadlock in the mining dispute. A Labour Ministry should desire no better test of its fitness to govern.

Robbing the Orphans

WE have an instant appeal to make to Mr. F. O. Roberts, who has become Minister of Pensions. In the first place we invite him to read our last week's article, "Robbing War Orphans."

The facts amount to a scandal to the living and an outrage upon the dead. If an unemployed man, who for one reason or another, has the custody of the orphans of a dead soldier, the pension payable on account of these children is taken into account before he is granted Poor Law relief.

In plain terms, the pension which by every right of law and equity belongs to the fatherless children is filched for their step-father's support before he can legally receive aid from the Guardians.

If this is the law it is graceless and immoral. Certainly it was never the intention of Parliament that pensions awarded to war-orphans should go towards the support of their guardians.

The Pensions Ministry must give a clear ruling on this important point without delay.

Folly of the Fanatical Faith-healers

AN evil that must be checked is growing in our midst. The religious maniacs who urge that prayer alone can mend the sick and the suffering, are a danger not only to themselves but to the community.

THE Church of England very properly hesitates to confer its apostolic blessing upon the "faith healer." While retaining their belief in prayer and exhortation, the Bishops advise the prompt summoning of medical aid in the case of a diseased appendix or a bout of pneumonia. Common-sense and common humanity endorse this view.

We are all for religious liberty, but the Christian Scientists and Peculiar People who profess to believe that illnesses can be cured by prayer and fasting stand outside the ordinary boundaries of religion, and challenge that instinct of self-preservation which is our first line of defence against the onslaught of disease.

THE Sheffield coroner lately had to investigate the death of a girl of twenty. This poor child, Irene Rusling by name, had reached the last dread stages of consumption. Her parents had imbibed the tragic follies of the Christian Scientists. No intelligent effort had been made to save their daughter's life. The unhappy creature had lain helplessly in bed, and, in the absence of a doctor, had been prayed over by a Mrs. Sheen, until her frame was worn to a shadow and her conscious hours an unbroken agony of pain.

She died, and Mrs. Sheen, giving evidence at the inquest, admitted that she did not even know the nature of the complaint from which her patient was suffering.

It was proved that this criminal fanatic had been so immersed in prayer, so steeped in the worthless mummery of her sect, as to have allowed the girl's body to become a mass of sores through the neglect of the commonest nursing precautions.

The coroner warned Mrs. Sheen that "If she took the responsibility of treating people and could not recognise when they had a serious disease, she would find herself in an unpleasant position, possibly of having a manslaughter charge against her."

In our view, these strictures were far too mild. In her reckless fanaticism Mrs. Sheen was guilty of conduct bordering upon crime. What hours of suffering, what a hell of misery and discomfort Irene Rusling might have been saved if, instead of the blundering quack with her pious piffle and superstitious snufflings, she had had skilled doctors and nurses at her bedside.

This scandal must be ended. The law must be strengthened. The "faith healer" should be made to understand that in matters of life and death he is not free to indulge his fads and fancies.

It ought not to be necessary for manslaughter to have occurred before punishment, sharp and salutary, can be meted out to these murderous charlatans.

IN the last ten years there have been 173 inquests on persons who have died deaths of needless pain and horror under this so-called religious treatment, always unskilled and often positively harmful. The evil is growing.

The Examining Board of the Christian Scientist organisation in the United States is to-day issuing more "Certificates of Proficiency in Faith Healing" than ever before in its history, and a growing number of these precious "healers" are at large in Great Britain, pretending to cure diseases calling for the highest medical skill, and even mocking the agony of sufferers from such cruel scourges as cancer and consumption.

In the face of such a peril we are bound to speak plainly. Human life is too sacred to be sacrificed on the altar of any sect.

A Splendid Example

WELL done, Lady Astor! Not always have we been able to applaud the public actions of the Member for Plymouth, but this time we are with her all the way.

In Plymouth as elsewhere the housing problem is acute. Lady Astor comes forward with a practical scheme. She believes that if everyone will put their shoulders to the wheel the building of houses locally can be made a paying proposition, and as an earnest of her faith she proposes to set the building scheme on foot with a free gift of £10,000.

It is an example we heartily commend to other moneyed folk who may be glad of the opportunity to practise while others preach. On the face of it, Lady Astor's scheme, which may owe something to the practical business methods of her husband, looks like a sound commercial proposition.

But the builders must play the game—not the old game of grab—but the nobler one of public service. The trade unionists should need no bidding to desist from stupid obstruction, seeing that Lady Astor has been at special pains in the working out of her plans to protect the interests of the wage-earning class.

Most interesting is her suggestion that the rents of the new houses should be decreased by a small amount for every child belonging to the tenants. No praise is too high for this arrangement.

If Lady Astor desires to immortalise her name in Plymouth, she could hardly have hit upon a happier plan.

The Fall of the Franc

BEYOND reminding those who are panic-stricken at the prospect of France restricting her imports that we still have in operation the Safeguarding of Industries Act, we are not concerned with measures that M. Poincaré is taking in the hopes of checking the fall of the franc.

M. Poincaré might well take advantage of the lesson to be learned from our relations with America.

During the first nine months of 1923 American exports to this country fell by over £16,000,000, while our exports to America rose by over £10,000,000, and this in spite of high tariff walls.

The main cause of this can be found in the repayment of our debt to America, which has stabilised British credit.

M. Poincaré might also note that the result to America of this artificial restriction of imports has merely meant higher prices and cost of production.

If he really wishes to restore the franc to financial health, it can be done by making a serious effort to repay the war debts.

The Letter in Green Ink

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

LABOUR must repress its cave-men if it wants to gain the confidence of the nation, says the writer. The noisy and turbulent supporters do infinite harm to the cause of progress, and often defeat the aims of their own farther-seeing leaders. Such men are enemies of idealism.

The Rt. Hon. J. Wheatley, Minister of Health, responsible for Housing—the topic our contributor dealt with.

ONCE upon a time I thought of making a collection of abusive letters. Such letters have a certain charm for me. I like to speculate on the character of the writers. Further, they help me to realise the ferment in various disorderly minds. If I had made that collection, I should have found an honourable place for a letter written in green ink which is now lying on my desk. It comes from the Pottery district in Staffordshire, and is so amusing and instructive that I am sure my readers will derive entertainment from its perusal.

The writer begins by addressing me as "The Gentleman with the Dope Rag," thus kindly acquainting me at the outset with the fact that he is a humorist and an honest man, and leaving me to draw the inference that I am a rogue. In this way he puts me entirely at my ease. I know where I stand. Here is a splendid fellow come to enlighten me. He dips his pen into green ink to dispel my darkness. I thank him for the trouble and expense to which he puts himself in my behoof.

"*Re* your question whether Socialism is possible without the conscription of labour—Don't talk rot." So the letter opens. Nothing could be more direct and simple. It is not the way in which Socrates talked or Ruskin wrote, but there is something in this opening which reminds one a little of Dr. Johnson or the Duke of Wellington, and I acknowledge it cheerfully as a good old-fashioned English approach to a logical discussion.

"YOU should know," he proceeds, "that there is already conscription of labour in being at the present time. That is, those working are conscripted by hunger." Here I must confess to a feeling of disappointment. I will not accuse my correspondent of writing rot; but it is clear to me that he does not know the meaning of the term conscription. There is no British workman, of course, who can be compared with a conscript in a European army; and I think my correspondent is himself aware of so obvious a fact, for from this point he runs away from "argument" and springs vigorously to the attack armed with the bludgeon of abuse.

He asks me what I think of someone called "Gadfly" of the *Daily Herald*, and proceeds: "He gave your 'Next Enemy to Fight' article a damn good rubbing down. What a life! Never mind, old boy, you have your living to get. I have a chum on a Tory paper. He is a red-hot Bolshie. What a life! But even you must confess that Gadfly is a real tartar. Yes, old bean, a damn good fellow is Gad."

I WOULD endeavour to make the confession demanded of me if I happened to be acquainted with the works of "Gadfly"; but like the great majority of the working-classes I do not read the *Daily Herald*, and thus have missed, like them, the intellectual massage to which my correspondent refers—"the damn good rubbing down."

The letter grows steadily more cockahoop: "We are all Reds round our way in Hanley, where we put our Labour man in with a majority that more than doubled the Lib. and Tory put together. Hail the Red Flag! Your talk about your challenge of the leaders of Socialism is sheer bunkum . . . I am a wage-slave and don't care a bug for anyone."

The last sentence seems to me of curious value. Here is a "conscript" who doesn't care a particularly offensive parasite for anyone. Imagine a conscript in the Prussian army saying in 1914 that he didn't care a flea or a grasshopper or even a ladybird for his corporal, let alone his sergeant, his captain, his colonel, and his Kaiser. Truly, my correspondent convicts himself. He is no trembling conscript, but a free-born Briton, a great fellow. Like the rest of us he must work in order to satisfy the demands of hunger; but he is free to say what he likes of those who pay his wages, free to leave their factory for another, free to work for the overthrow of our historic civilisation. As he would say, What a life!

BUT I think the majority of my readers will agree that the main value of this letter is to be found in its spirit. It isn't anything the writer says which is particularly important, but the nasty way in which he says it. He wants to be rude; he likes being rude. He reminds us how greatly labour is handicapped by its extremists—a body of men who do not think very profoundly, but who wave the Red Flag with considerable energy, and truly believe themselves to be the heralds of a golden age dripping with the gore of "Capitalism."

Such men are formidable enemies of Idealism. They do not convince anybody that they love justice, mercy and truth; but they convince great numbers of people that they hate law, order and reason. They do not encourage one to believe that they are capable of creating anything splendid and noble, but rather make one fear that they are quite capable of smashing everything which the human spirit at its highest has loved since the dawn of mind. They do not hasten the social evolution; they delay it.

LET me reason with my correspondent. Why did he write to me? I pray him not to hurry his answer to this question. Carefully thought out and honestly given it will help him to know himself, which for each of us is the most useful intimacy we can form. Why did he write to me? I think he wrote this irrational letter, not to enlighten me, but to relieve his feelings. He was not hungry; he was angry. He was not smarting under the humiliation of honestly earning his daily bread by useful work; he was in a rage. And why? Because, I think, he had come across an argument which demanded of his sentiments a reason which he could not find. But angry men are a danger to themselves, and to their neighbours.

Is it not true (I have heard leaders of Labour say so) that noisy men of this turbulent and self-satisfied type do infinite harm to the cause of progress? They fill responsible people with misgiving, and educated people with disgust. British democracy will never deliver its fortunes into the hands of men who have not yet learned to think but only to shout. Labour must repress its cave-men if it would gain the national confidence.

Let my correspondent assure himself that in a straight fight between Constitutionalism and any vehement form of Socialism, such Socialism will go to the wall for a generation, treading the Labour Party under its feet.

Bill Jones *v.*

A strike, to justify itself, should be impelled by imperative claims of Right and Justice.

The Rt. Hon. Thomas Shaw, the Minister of Labour in the New Government.

IT is a truism which cannot be too urgently impressed upon the community that a strike or lock-out is essentially an act of war. Though the combatants wear no uniforms, carry no guns, and do not directly kill, the suffering and havoc caused by their passive strife may be as abominably cruel and disastrous to the persons most acutely affected as the more violent form of fighting.

To some extent, everybody's interests and convenience are affected by a labour dispute. The whole nation is materially impoverished. A business man of small means, desperately struggling against adverse conditions, may be finished off and utterly ruined. Men and women working at trades unconcerned in the strike find themselves hard hit by the involved stoppage of their work and wage. Most grievous and pitiful of all is the effect on the wives and mothers of the actual combatants, who see the little hoard of careful and self-sacrificing years suddenly dissipated; their proud reserves of sheets and blankets, their man's Sunday "best," their cheap but precious treasures of ornament and comfort, carried, one by one, to the pawnshop; their homes stripped and laid waste as if an enemy had pillaged them; their hungry, growing bairns "clemmed" of essentials to their health and strength.

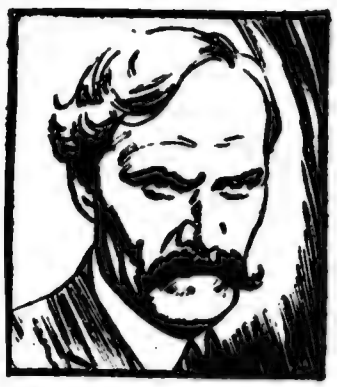
Oh, it is a terrible business! A long-drawn strike makes tragedies of hardship and silent endurance not a whit less lamentable than a protracted siege.

Clearly then a strike or lock-out, to justify itself, should be impelled by imperative claims of Right and Justice. Unless every resource of argument and reason has been exhausted, unless the collective and deliberate wisdom of supreme representative authority had decreed the inevitability of war, the strike or lock-out stands self-condemned as an outrageous crime against

The New Lot in Whitehall

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. MacDonald is in office and, so far, despite the Rothermere ravings, barricades are not being erected in the streets! But the Premier's task is difficult, and here our contributor shows where money could be saved to solve the pressing problems of Housing and Unemployment.



The Rt. Hon. J. R. MacDonald, who will have to deal with the many problems mentioned here.

THE first Labour Government in history is in power and now we are all wondering what the panic was about. Even the stupid *Daily Mail* has discovered that all its hysteria was a joke and is found grovelling before Mr. MacDonald as if it had desired nothing so much as to see him in office. The nervous old ladies of both sexes who sent their money flying across the Atlantic are now lamenting their folly, for instead of the City taking fright at the advent of the new Government it celebrated the fact by putting up prices.

In short, everything is very much what it was before this dreadful thing happened, and poor Mr. Churchill is left almost alone performing his favourite solo, "All is lost." The new Government is found to be very much like other governments, the King is in his palace, the Union Jack still waves over Westminster, and the lions in Trafalgar Square do not even yawn. It may be a revolution we have entered upon, but it is a respectable revolution. We are doing the thing decently and in order and without the help of a guillotine in Whitehall.

SO far, so good. Labour has come to power and the heavens have not fallen. What follows? The answer I think rests largely with ourselves. Mr. MacDonald has shown that he is a responsible and a sensible man, and has cleared the air of panic. He has given us a government that has restored public confidence. It is for us to back him up and make his government a success. He cannot do it alone.

He is in a position that no Prime Minister has ever been in before. He is a Prime Minister without a Party majority. That is his weakness. We can make it our strength. He knows that he is tethered, and that if his government is to survive and succeed he must adjust his policy accordingly. I think he means to do that, and if he does the public must see that he gets fair play and honest backing.

WHAT we want from him are two things. We want him to restore peace in Europe and we want him to set our house in order at home. They are big things to ask, but they are not impossible things if the country gives him its loyal support.

Take one or two examples. I have in these columns long advocated the recognition of Russia. I believe that that is the first and most obvious step to restoring peace in the world and giving a much-needed impetus to trade at home. Mr. MacDonald intends to take that step and his action should have whole-hearted endorsement from the country and especially from the City. There is nothing that can be done which will produce so immediate an effect upon industry or upon the temper of the world.

More difficult but not less urgent is the task of coming to grips with M. Poincaré. Mr. MacDonald has two things to make clear: (1) That we desire to be friendly with France; (2) That we intend to throw all our weight into the defeat of M. Poincaré's policy of establishing a French military and economic hegemony in Europe. Three English Prime Ministers in turn—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin—have tried to defend the interests of this country against the Napoleonism of M. Poincaré. They have failed, largely because they have been stabbed in the back by our "Hats off to France" Press.

If we want Mr. MacDonald to succeed where his predecessors have failed the country must be with him. He must speak not as the voice of Labour, but as the voice of Britain. Only in that way will France understand that she has to reckon with a united people whose patience is exhausted and who mean to get Europe out of the mess that Poincaré has made of it, with the help of France if that be possible, but without the help if it be desired.

The moment is opportune. Poincaré's policy is a declared bankrupt, the franc has started on its downward plunge and an election is imminent that may sweep Poincaré and all his works into the gutter. Let Mr. MacDonald speak firmly and act firmly. Let him appeal to the better mind of France and let the whole weight of the nation be behind him.

THEN we expect him to cut our losses—to stop such adventures as those which have sunk millions of our money in the sands of Mesopotamia and are now preparing to sink more millions into the mud-banks of Singapore. There will be screams from the panic Press and purple faces at the Admiralty, but if the country is with him Mr. MacDonald can go ahead with confidence.

And he has got to be supported at home. Take the case of housing. It has baffled Government after Government. We have spent vast sums out of the public purse, but the work is still undone. It has been held up by the building rings on one side and by the trade unions on the other.

I do not doubt that Mr. MacDonald will find ways of dealing with the rings; but what we want to know is: Will Labour support him? Will the unions relax their rules so that non-union labour can be brought in to help to do the work? Without "dilution" the houses cannot be built, for the supply of union labour is wholly insufficient.

THAT is the root of the matter. Labour has got its government in office, and it is "up to" Labour to see that it succeeds. It will not succeed if its pitch is queered by things like the railway strike which inflict cruel hardship on millions who labour themselves, all because a little body of men refuse to honour the signature of their own representatives.

Labour cannot have it both ways. It cannot both rule the country on the political plane and plunge it into heedless and indefensible disorder on the economic plane.

IT is said that "Labour cannot govern." I am not a Labour man, but I want Labour to prove that it *can* govern. I want it to have its share in the common task of running the country. Parliament does not belong to rich people or to one class.

It belongs to the whole community, and I believe that in learning the exercise of power Labour will become a more responsible element of society to the great gain of the nation as a whole.

v. Tom Smith

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

the community. Then what is to be said about those recent instances where terms accepted by the men's appointed officials have been rejected, and where the counsels of the highest trade-union authority have been contemptuously flouted?

I will not provoke personal resentments by quoting specific examples nor by particular discussion of the specially sad and discreditable squabble between two rival societies which has pained and disgusted every thoughtful well-wisher to trade unionism. The only purpose of this article is to rouse the public to indignant protest against such wanton assaults upon the common weal; and to appeal to the Labour Government, and especially to my friend, the new Minister for Labour, that drastic measures may be devised for their prevention in future.

Of course no Government could suppress the right to strike; if men were denied freedom to refuse conditions of work which they regard as unfair, their state would be one of literal slavery. But where a collective withdrawal of labour or closing of factories threatens other people's means of livelihood or the nation's welfare, the Government clearly has a right, in the public interest, to demand that the facts shall be submitted to the judgment of an impartial Court representing employers and workers in other trades; and if either party to the dispute declined to state its case, or to accept the Court's findings, heavy fines might be imposed for non-compliance.

Or, if that course were deemed too drastic, the final issue might safely be left to Public Opinion which, when it is led by positive information to make up its mind, is as peremptory and forcible as any lawyers' Court of Appeal.

Finally, the Trade Unions must set their own house in order, protect their officials from contempt and their own powers from faction revolts. Trade Unionism is justified to the public interest by its claim that it substitutes collective for individual bargaining in the regulation of industry. But what becomes of that unanswerable argument if members of a trade are divided into constantly contending factions, if the decisions of elected delegates are defied and derided, if civil war may be sprung upon the community by the jealousy and petty spite of cantankerous and stupid rivals?

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas.

PERHAPS the most loved and hated person in the Labour movement to-day is Mr. J. H. Thomas. Of course he is hated only by a minority—and, needless to say, hated primarily for his best qualities. No man in the movement has ever been called "Judas" so fervently and so frequently as he; and yet, with the possible exception of Mr. John Burns, no man has ever exercised such an ascendancy over his followers, nor gained the full measure of trust and good will that have been his for the asking.

First, I will state the reasons for his popularity. He is astonishingly versatile. He can be all things to all men—rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep. He has complete command over his feelings; his actions are subservient to his will, his sayings are checked by his intelligence. In no sense is he a creature of impulse.

THE result is that he is able to control an unruly audience with a mastery that is the despair of other Union leaders. In the intensest heat of the moment he never gives tit-for-tat, and as a consequence he is never bested in debate. His tact is as unfailing as his good humour, his wit as keen as his understanding. It will give a faint idea of his extraordinary influence and personal prestige when I say that the 1919 strike was commenced and finished without a ballot being so much as mooted.

But he is unpopular among the fiercer and more militant unionists (I mean *dis*unionists) because he has been able to meet the members of His Majesty's Privy Council without spitting in their faces. That, in the opinion of those who haven't an earthly chance of getting into the Privy Council, is an unforgivable offence.

HIS critics think that, having once been the driver of an express engine, he ought never to have slowed down. Their ideal is a cabinet of Kirkwoods, in which everyone dances on everyone else's toes, shakes his fist in everyone else's face, and insists upon spilling vast quantities of everyone else's blood.

How much national business is likely to be transacted under those gory and frenzied conditions may be safely left to the imaginations of all who are not in strait-waistcoats.

Thomas, at any rate, decided long ago that he could best serve the interests of the class he represents, by remembering the crying needs of the thousand or so classes he does not represent. He conceives the community *as* a community, not (if he can avoid it) a conglomeration of jarring interests. He is one of that small band of patriots who *think communally*.

IT follows that he also thinks internationally. Just as there should be no class warfare, so there should be no nation warfare. He has little sympathy with the maniacs who rave about their love for other races, and in the next breath consign whole classes of their own race to perdition.

Possibly he is inclined to rub along with his opponents a little too easily; but in these days of fire-brands and blood-spitters, few will deny that his anxiety to achieve harmony is a fault on the right side.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Railman Off the Line

by HENRY KILBARRACK

STANDING in the dock in a striking attitude, Mr. J. Bromley, described as a Trade Union Secretary, pleaded "Not guilty," with striking emphasis, to a charge of impersonation and of behaviour calculated to endanger the permanent ways and means of the nation.

Serjeant Searcher, K.C., for the prosecution, said that the prisoner in public life was the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Locomotive Engineers.

He had talked, not secretly, but openly, of a great army of 600,000 men, which he proposed to mobilise for the purpose of drawing pay without working and thereby terrifying the dismal, depressing and despicable class of railway directors.

Further, he said, Mr. Bromley had played with more figures than mere figures of speech, and stated that the railway companies of this country, if they did not bow to his imperious and Czar-like dictates, would lose more money in a fortnight than they could save in five years.

In thus passing sentence of five years penitential poverty on the railways, Serjeant Searcher added, he was talking high-speed, overpowering nonsense.

One of the consequences of his dictatorship was that many men, believing Mr. Bromley to be a Czar, and mistaking his "hear and tremble" attitude for here and now wisdom, had found the signals of public opinion against them, and had missed the points and the pay-sheet.

MR. HOT-AIR, K.C., for the defence, said that this whole case was based on a misunderstanding. His client, believing that virtue was its own award, had refused to accept another award that had displeased himself and merely proved satisfactory to a lot of other railway men.

As to the charge of being a Czar, he repudiated it. He led—he did not follow. And if Czars and people like that chose to imitate his methods he was not to blame for that.

As to the convenience of the public and the interests of trade and commerce—he was not paid to consider that. And he would be a blackleg to all the dynasty of Czars if he did work that he was not paid for.

The jury, after consulting the time-tables, brought in a verdict of "Guilty," with a recommendation to mercy on the ground that he had acted from a mistaken sense of duty, and had impulsively gone off the rails.

Mr. Justice Bull, in passing the sentence of the Court, said the national circumstances had to be taken into consideration. There was the fact that trade had been bad and was just beginning to improve—and that to interfere with it was a crime against the workingman and his wife. There was the fact that a new Government had just come into power, charged with looking after the interests of the working man. To put an obstacle on the line the new Government had to travel was to imperil the permanent ways and means of the nation.

On the other hand, there was clear evidence that Mr. Bromley believed himself to be right, with a sort of divine right, especially characteristic of Czars.

He therefore had no option but to sentence the prisoner to be shunted, while the line was being cleared and the traffic of the nation resumed.

He would, in the meantime, be confined in the second, or downgrade, and paid all the honours of a dethroned monarch until his train of thought accommodated itself to the excellent railway and public principles of "safety first."

What I Saw at Borstal

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

INTENSE public interest has been aroused in the series of investigations of the Borstal Institutions being made by "John Bull." For long the man in the street has wanted to know what reforms have taken place following our many demands, and now the truth is being told. In the first article last week our contributor told of the woeful conditions at Wandsworth. Here he deals frankly with Borstal itself.

BORSTAL itself is the palace o Borstal institutions. Naturally so. It is the oldest of them all, and has had time to correct its earlier faults. The old system and the new stand side by side at Borstal.

For instance, you can still see the remnant of the old prisons, horrible rat-traps which once held erring human beings, and are now used for storing wood! Look at the modern gymnasium—splendidly equipped—the dormitories, the "houses," the forge, the farm, and you wonder how a civilised society permitted the inquisitions of the past.

Well, here again public opinion brought about the new order of things, yet there are not wanting official critics who point to the rat-traps and recently the iron discipline *—and regret their passing!*

* * *

"All this is very fine," an old officer of one of the institutions said to me. "Speaking as a man and not as an officer, I say the old system was better. The boys knew they had to work and look slippy about things generally. And it did 'em good. Now——"

He shrugged his shoulders and jerked a finger towards the workshops. "They do practically just what they jolly well like. Still, what I say doesn't count. I've been in Borstal institutions since they started. But they don't come to me for *my* views."

Perhaps, in a way, it is just as well, although the view of the old guard should always be worth hearing. "Mind you," he added, "I don't stand for cruelty—I couldn't stand by and see it done—but what they're doing to-day is simply softening the boys."

A very interesting point, showing how complete the recent changes have been!

* * *

Now it is a curious fact that it wasn't so very long ago—just a few weeks—when Borstal had a military governor who believed in running the institutes on army lines.

"If you go to Borstal," I was then told, "the colonel will parade all the boys, there will be a grand goose-step march past in companies, and you will take the salute!" Possibly a trifle exaggerated, yet in effect true. It was the colonel's idea—and you find a good many conflicting ones—on how to handle Borstal boys.

Alas! I found that the disciple of discipline had been promoted governor of an adult prison, where no doubt his military principles may be put into practice without so much public fuss.

In place of this individual there is a civilian doctor. Instead of a symbolic sword there was a doctor's stethoscope in the governor's office. "When a boy behaves badly," remarked the governor, in answer to my question, "he is ultimately brought in to me. I talk to him and advise him. Many take the hint."

"And others?" I asked.

"The others, after having been tried with such minor punishments as restricted privileges, are sent to the penal cells."

The penal cells at Borstal are as forbidding and as terrifying as the imagination can conceive.

They are meant to be. They are the alternative to flogging. "A short, sharp flogging—if we were allowed to administer it—would perhaps be better than the penal punishment," an official suggested.

Dr. J. C. W. METHVEN, Governor of Borstal Institution, Rochester.

Well, I wonder.

* * *

The "prison" part of the institute is solidly built. Shut off from the rest of the place, locked, bolted and barred, the penal cells represent Borstal's last word. The cells themselves are not so terrible, but outside in the little courtyard are several open compartments of stone, each shut off from the other. Four of these were occupied by boys of varying ages, pounding stones.

You may have seen Italian workmen pounding away at newly laid asphalt. Well, these lads worked like that, although their job was to pound stones and not soft asphalt. Each, by the doctor's orders, wore goggles of gauze to protect the eyes. Pale-faced and weary, they smashed these stones hour after hour without pause, without respite.

No wonder at the end of the day they were glad to get into their separated cells and forget their sorrows in death-like sleep.

* * *

You can imagine how deeply interested I became in these lads, and I expressed a wish to have a private conversation with each. This was readily granted, the officer leaving me.

One boy, whom the officer could not quite understand, because he "was so uncommunicative," told me frankly that the officers were not at fault but the *system*. "Punishment is not dealt out evenly," he declared.

This boy, of more than average intelligence, had been obstinate and disobedient. The governor had had many talks with him, and was considering whether he should send a report to the Home Office in order to transfer him to prison.

The second boy told me that he had been victimised by a monitor. "He had his knife into me, and gave false reports about me to the house-master. When we were going downstairs he trod on my heels and exasperated me. So I let fly at him."

Another lad admitted to me that he had refused to work because the particular labour he was set to was monotonous. I asked what it was, and he replied, "In the foundry." That surprised me, because I had found the work varied and interesting. I afterwards put the problem to Sir Wemyss Grant-Wilson, and he replied that all work became monotonous, and we had to discipline ourselves to it, otherwise boys would be changing their jobs each month.

The fourth boy touched my sympathy. He had really tried, did well for a time and tripped up again. Each of the lads had been convicted, in the first place, for stealing—motor-cycle and side-car, money, boots. In every instance, too, more than one offence had been committed.

The pale youth had been trespassing, then committing misconduct and then threatening a girl. As I say, none of these boys were actually criminals. Yet the problem is: What shall we do with boys who steal bicycles, break into houses and threaten girls?

* * *

So much for the dismal side. The boy who makes a real effort is not left unprovided. I saw three smart-looking youngsters leaving the grounds. They represented the latest thing in experiments. Wearing ordinary clothes, they were going to the local technical school as ordinary pupils.

"It is a scheme only a few weeks' old," I was told. "If it succeeds it will be developed." The boys are trusted on their honour to return directly to the institution after school—by 10 p.m.

It seemed to me this was a very sensible idea. I have always held that trust breeds a better discipline than ridiculous supervision.

The more you treat a boy as if he were a man, capable of looking after himself, the better will that boy respond to your trust. He will, so to speak, rise to the confidence you repose in him.

I asked the governor point blank if No. 1 punishment—that is, bread-and-water diet and solitary confinement—was still being given. I had gathered that according to the rules it is not forbidden. He solemnly assured me that, like the rule about speaking at work, it is more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

* * *

I asked more definitely about the last case of No. 1 punishment, and I found it was given some fourteen months ago. Of course I am unable to substantiate this, but I can say that the rule about speaking at work is blithely ignored.

The hospital had as few cases as the penal cells—four in each. Three convalescents were amusing themselves in a newly painted room. I suggest, however, that the "rooms" for patients could be improved upon by lighter colour paint, and by removing the bars from the windows. Sick boys don't usually try to escape by the windows.

And Borstal must make up its mind whether the old system is to go completely or not. At present it doesn't seem to know exactly. The officers as a body are very fine fellows, but that many represent the old régime cannot be gainsaid.

* * *

What Borstal needs are instructors and house-masters of public school order—men who shall be able to instil a sense of decency and self-reliance into the boys; men the soul of honour; men whom the boys can love as well as respect. No doubt the present type of man does his level best, but the now accepted principles of humanitarianism, to be applied with a due regard to the psychology of boys, are perhaps a bit beyond them.

If these new methods prove to be wrong, then we can get back to the "old guard" and his disciplined disciples, and apologise to them for our mistake in being soft. Meanwhile, we must give the new order of things a fair trial, and that can only be done by appointing a different class of officer altogether.

Another point. In making new appointments, let them try discarding the officers' warder uniform. The type of man needed to control boys should be able to assert his personality without the bolster of a uniform.

Next week: The Penal Cells at Portland.

The early bird

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Plaint of a Refugee

"WHEN Lille was invested by the Germans during the war, I was a motherless boy of fifteen and the only son of a French works-manager in that town. Before my father's death in June of 1914 he had become very friendly with an Englishman of forty, a bachelor who was the head of a department in the same concern.

"My English friend and myself fled with other refugees to this country, and here we took up our abode in an iron district of the North. He has been everything he promised to be at my father's death, and through his endeavours I now speak perfect English and fill a foreman's post in the works where he is once again a manager.

"This patron, however, in spite of his great-heartedness, has one big fault. He often drinks himself into a state of intoxication, and even when only slightly tipsy he is so muddle-headed that he does the most unreasonable things. When the drink has befogged his brain he takes it into his head to visit my young English wife during my absence and to make violent love to her.

"At the times he is sober he is a perfect gentleman, and seems to forget all that has taken place. Because of his past kindness to me I find I cannot quarrel with him for his lapses and betrayal of our friendship, but on the other hand my wife is pressing me to break off all associations with her persecutor."

"Humanist" says: *You do not need my advice: take your wife's. Be grateful to your benefactor for the good he has done you: do not let him spoil it and your life by showing kindness to him where it is out of place.*

Between Two Loves

"DURING my mother's lifetime my father was by no means all he should have been. He was selfish and inconsiderate, and his behaviour was partially responsible for the death of his wife, who had since my birth been in delicate health.

"As a girl of seven years, therefore, I found myself in the keeping of my maternal grandmother. My father, determined that he should not be shackled by his child, had obtained a post in West Africa, and up to two months ago has been as dead.

"I am now twenty-three years of age, and earn a good salary as a buyer for a big drapery firm. All through the years when I was unable to fend for myself my granny worked hard at dressmaking, and it was not till I was seventeen that she would allow me to take her place as the breadwinner.

"Some weeks ago I received a letter from my father in India asking me to come out and nurse him for the few months he has left to him. After leaving the Gold Coast with malaria he moved to Bombay for expert treatment. He seems really penitent for all his past unkindness, and promises to recompense me well at death. But what of my poor faithful old granny, now seventy-five years of age, with no other prospect than the workhouse?

"This errand of mercy to my parent may keep me only six months and bring me to my father's wealth. On the other hand, this duty may mean my absence for years and the old lady may be in a pauper's grave before I return."

"Humanist" says: *Clearly you owe more to your grandmother than to your father. But if the latter is penitent and rich, he will no doubt provide for your grandmother while you go to India. At least ask him to do so, before you reject his request.*

Church and Trade

"A MASTER-TRADESMAN in a small way of business, I am trying to do a ready-money trade in a mining district of South Wales. I have only been partially successful; and attribute the chief cause of my failure to the fact that I am a member of a chapel. As soon as the church-going people found that I was not sufficiently faithful to 'trust,' there was 'nothing doing,' and I have had cause to feel thankful that there are enough people outside the church possessing the Christian feeling (lacking in the church) to enable me to find the bread and butter for my family.

"So severe has the boycott been that the church, while ignoring myself, included on the committee a young fellow who had been certified to be mentally unfit for the late war. I am not finding any fault with the church for deciding that their standard of mentality was such that an imbecile was a suitable person to represent them, but I would be glad to hear if Humanist thinks I should retain my membership in the church.

"In the mining districts of South Wales it is considered ridiculous to pay for anything except beer and railway tickets at the time of purchase. Some future time (if at all) is quite good enough. Newly married couples commence housekeeping from the very first week on this time-honoured and dishonoured custom. And it is wonderful how cheerfully they will throw away from 5 to 10 per cent. of their money every week of their lives for the mere privilege of being one week behind."

"Humanist" says: *You seem to me rather an unpleasant fellow, sneering at your customers' religion because they don't give you all their trade. If you think you ought to stay in your religion to improve your business, I have nothing to say except that the standard of mentality of which you complain does not seem so one-sided as you think.*

Town Council Tricks

"WHEN I was chosen town councillor last November, another man of the same surname was also elected. A short time after these successes we were both appointed to officiate on a sub-committee whose duty it is to decide on tenders from contractors for certain building undertakings in the borough.

"Slowly but surely the discussions have aroused in me suspicions of the honesty of purpose of this councillor. His recommendations are always strongly in favour of a certain firm whose charges are much higher than those of other concerns, and I have come to the conclusion that some understanding exists between him and these people.

"My suspicions have, I think, been confirmed by a letter addressed to my namesake which I opened in error. In the short time I had before I discovered my mistake I met with references to some rewards he is to receive for services rendered on the council.

"Will you please help me in my bewilderment?"

"Humanist" says: *Hand the letter to the person for whom it was intended. You cannot act on information so received. But draw public attention in the council to your namesake's predilection for the dear firm. Publicity in public affairs is the best safeguard.*

A Lonely Widower

"I AM a widower just over sixty. My son has recently married, and is in a good position, and I am for the present living in the same house as a lodger. I have ample means to marry again and keep a wife and myself reasonably comfortably for the rest of our lives.

"But although not getting on altogether with my son and daughter-in-law, they are averse to my getting married again. The interest on my capital would considerably more than keep me if I remain as I am. It is only natural, I suppose, for my son and daughter-in-law to think of the matter from a financial point of view to persuade me from taking such a step.

"Now, Humanist, I have fallen in love with a lady about ten years my junior and should like to settle down again for the rest of my life, feeling assured that the object of my choice would be a lasting comfort to me in my declining years. Should I study my son and daughter-in-law financially, or should I decide to marry again?"

"Humanist" says: *You have a perfect right to please yourself: your son a perfect right to provide for himself, as you have done. It is not unfair, but only right, that each generation should provide for itself.*

Look Before You Leap.

"Physically weak, bullied at home, I work in a factory and hate it. I believe I have enough talent at drawing to earn a living by it in time. Should I run away and trust to Fate?"

No. It would be madness. Save up money and take drawing lessons. Then try for another job.

A Foolish Mother.

"Married, a mother of eight, and poor, a friend of my husband's is making advances to me and offering me money. I feel that no sacrifice is too great for my children."

The best thing a mother can do for her children is to be a decent woman and a good wife.

A Girl's Career.

"A girl of nineteen, an orphan, brought up by my uncle, I left him and am now self-supporting. He tells me I must return and keep house for him. Need I go?"

You are not dependent on him and are entitled to pursue your own career. But do not affection and gratitude enter into the question?

Travelling Acquaintances.

"In a train I met a man who talked from Dover to London—art, books, etc., most politely and correctly. He asked my address, and has since written me a most improper letter. What have I done to deserve this?"

Nothing; you have had the bad luck to meet a cad and the good luck to find him out in time. Forget him.

A Matrimonial Advertisement.

"Engaged to be married, I answered a matrimonial advertisement for fun. The fun has become serious and resulted in an offer of marriage. Am I entitled to break off my engagement for a man I never saw?"

Yes, but you would be a fool to do so. You have evidently very little knowledge of the world. Girls like you explain the popularity of the matrimonial ramp.

The Wrong Letter.

"I got a letter recently intended for a married woman of the same name, a near neighbour. It showed that she is deceiving her husband. I burned it. Did I do right?"

You haven't done much harm—though strictly you should have sent it on to the woman for whom it was meant. It was her property not yours.

The Delicate Child.

"After fifteen years my husband is leaving me and going to Australia. We recently quarrelled, and he is leaving me at home with my delicate child who is being killed by this climate."

If you must separate, do so in Australia. For your child's sake your husband, unless he is a worthless cad, should agree to this.

Dead Man's Shoes.

"My father, a Tory of the old school, threatens that unless I break off my engagement to the daughter of a local Labour leader he will throw me out of his firm and cut me out of his will. He is old. Should I give in to him and ask my fiancée to wait until I am my own master?"

No. Waiting to step into a dead man's shoes is a contemptible thing to do. Stand up to your father. Marry the girl and carve out a career for yourself.

Her Only Joy

"My husband deserted me, leaving me with a child who is all the joy I have in life. My husband's father now offers to adopt my boy and give him a good education, but he insists on complete surrender. Humanist, I don't know what to do."

The grandfather's demand for complete surrender is inhuman. If he will not moderate it, refuse to listen to him and bring your son up yourself. You can do it as well as he—perhaps better.

Words Winged to Women

End the Housing Scandal!

by MABEL HORNER

NO one, unless an idiot, minimises the splendid work of woman in the last election. But she worked, as man works, in factions. Therefore the life, liberty, and happiness that should be the birthright of every little child in the land must wait. It is ridiculous to say that woman can only work as a Party unit.

It is absurd to object that because women work in different political camps there are no issues on which women may all unite. There is a basis for unity which for the other sex does not exist.

It is motherhood.

Married or single, young or old, every true woman at heart is a mother. She may have the brain of a Chatham or Pitt, but her heart will beat as a mother's.

Whatever political party claims her allegiance, every woman wants every child to be housed and warmed, fed and taught. There are not enough houses to go round. Without more and better houses the first essential for children's health and happiness is absent.

If the causes of house shortage are political it is politics of the keenest domestic interest.

Governments rise and fall. Politicians squabble and promise. But the houses for the people are not being built.

If the women of Britain would they could end this scandal. Worse than idiotic is it to say that women have not this ability. There are women in the Royal Institute of British Architects. The International Conference of the Women's Engineering Society held its meeting in Birmingham last year.

The Ministry of Health provides posts for women of administrative ability. There are women in Local Government and in the Imperial Parliament.

Yet because these women of specialised ability have not behind them the united effort of British womanhood, the provision of life's essentials for the nation's children waits. I say the united effort.

The shortage of houses is over 800,000 in the urban and rural districts of England and Wales, and over 300,000 in Scotland. Moreover, hundreds of thousands of so-called houses in which British women are living and dying and bringing up their young are hovels worse than pig-sties.

This need not be.

Remember that enfranchised woman has a voice no professional politician dare ignore. Let that voice be heard. Demand houses, more houses, better houses. Call public meetings. Air the local situation in the local Press.

Make practical experiments in housing. There are large-hearted women with land in their own right who, in many instances, could provide the building ground. There are public-spirited women with money to invest. Let them put it into housing schemes.

Set an example. Shame do-nothing politicians. When legal quibbles stand in the way of measures that are humane and right, fight them.

It can be done.

The united voice of enfranchised woman can make a demand that the Government must heed or fall.

Long ago that bitter enemy of progress, John Knox, forgetting that he was born of woman, declared woman to be "the porte and gate of the devil." To-day if woman lifts her united voice, and exercises her united powers, John Knox may turn in his grave and amend his sentence. "Woman is the porte and gate of a new paradise."

What's Your Trouble?

IT's better to be safe than sorry! Week after week our columns bear this out in our exposures of quacks, frauds and impostures.

If you are in doubt or trouble on any question, ask our advice *first*. You'll get it quickly and you'll get it free. We want to help our readers on every question where help can be given. We want to build up an army of satisfied readers, who look on us not only as a great national weekly, but as a friend in need.

The JOHN BULL Advice Service is waiting to help you. It's ready to smooth the furrows out of your brow now!

At your command there's a whole army of eager experts. If you want advice regarding the buying of a business, be it a milk-round or a factory, or the selling of shares, we've a Financial Editor twiddling his thumbs with impatience at your delay in writing him. If you are worried about your pension, worry no longer. We've a man who has earned the heartfelt thanks of thousands of ex-Service readers, and he can do for you what he has done for them.

Mothers! We've a kindly, understanding woman who knows more about babies and the welfare of babies than anyone else in Britain. Bring your problems to her. She *wants* to see you smile again.

Big troubles—little troubles—ask our advice on them. You'll get it readily—and it's FREE! Don't think your problem too small—don't think it too big. The same attention will be given to the man who wants to know whether his violin is valuable as to the woman who shows us her heart. In the one case our expert will help; in the other "Humanist" will give his sympathetic advice.

We cannot do wonders. We will not attempt, for instance, to find husbands for lonely girls, and we cannot say whether bunions are an indication of brains or warts a sign of wisdom. But the problems that are really troubling you are the things we want to hear.

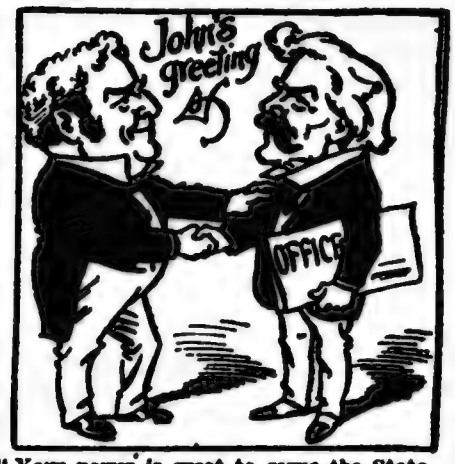
There never was such a service as this at the command of readers of a weekly journal. Avail yourself of it now. Write your problem simply and clearly, enclose stamped addressed envelope, and we will give you all the information and help that we can.

See whether we mean all this!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



"Your power is great to serve the State
—A power we don't begrudge you;
Good men are known by deeds alone,
And that's how we shall judge you."

It's kind of France to thus advance
Her little friend a loan,
But still it's strange she can't arrange
To first repay her own.

With things like these before their eyes
No wonder people snigger;
For every day—with less to pay—
The Pensions Staff grows bigger!

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cries Rothermere,
"So all my DAILY WAILING—
These weeks and weeks of printed shrieks
Have all proved unavailing!"

"DUGGIE

rules an empire of satisfied punters."

John Bull.

Read this Paragraph re Big Doubles :—

"THE EMPEROR."

"I was amused by Douglas Stuart's advertisement on Thursday morning in the *Sporting Life*, claiming that he was paying out £150,000 over Verdict, a winner which one newspaper gravely announces was 'good for the book.' And because I am by nature sceptical, I dropped in at his office, to find that £99,200 of the bigger sum had been despatched that morning! I saw both the cheques and the vouchers. Douglas Stuart is something more than a 'double event king.' He rules an empire of satisfied punters."—*JOHN BULL.*

If you see it in John Bull—it IS so!

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DOUGLAS STUART

5, Drury Street
GLASGOW.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Vide Press.

The Two Big Races

Well-handicapped Horses in the Lincoln and National

EPINARD'S ten stone for the Lincoln will be discussed a hundred years hence. He has been asked to give over three stone to more than half the entry and, in my opinion, he can do it.

Whether he will beat such as Friar (7-9), Sir Greystcel (7-8), Phusla (7-8), the greatly-improved and fit Noce d'Argent (7-5) and Morestel (6-11), is another matter.

All along I have advised a waiting policy, and I still suggest to Brown, Jones, Smith, and Robinson that they hold their hands until the acceptances are published.

It will be very sporting of Mr. Wertheimer if he decides to give the French champion a run, but it is quite on the cards that he will go for the bigger plums.

Let us leave the race alone for a short while.

The National.

The best handicapped horse in the National is Drifter (10-5). Drifter is essentially an Aintree horse, and the National is the only race he is ever likely to win. I thought that he would probably be allotted the same weight as he carried last year (10-10).

This splendid jumper was bought by Mr. Sanford, the American millionaire, and owner of Sergeant Murphy, after last year's race.

I like the look of Conjuror II. (11-), the same as last year; Fly Mask (10-12) and Ballinode (10-4), who is a very fine chaser.

At Gatwick and Sandown.

This week's racing takes place at Gatwick and Sandown. Fields at these meetings are generally good, and I do not think you can do better than follow the favourites, especially in the Selling Hurdle Races. I also advise you to watch for any horses sent from the North or the Midlands—the strike permitting. They will not be travelling for the benefit of their health. I have given half a dozen selections below, but look out for my code selections.

GATWICK—January 30 and 31.
JAEDEN, CHICOT, IRISH EAGLE.

SANDOWN—February 1 and 2.
SANS PECHE, MISS MAJORITY, DUNCHER.

The Aga Khan's Derby Tip.

I notice that the Aga Khan fancies Bright Knight for the Derby. He may be right, but I shall look elsewhere. I would rather have a small wager on the Eastern Prince's Diophon or Salmon Trout. Another one which would tempt me, if some generous bookmaker were offering 100 to 1, would be Taylor's Caravel. I shall have something to say about the son of Cicero at the end of May.

The Jockey's Championship.

With J. Hogan, junr., crocked and Major Doyle more or less on the retired list, F. B. Rees should have a walk-over this year. Young Hogan has been particularly unlucky during the past few months. Last November he broke a collar-bone; later he damaged a finger; and now a collar-bone again.

8,000 Guineas Horse Wins £150!

Count Tracy, full brother to the famous Panther, and purchased as a yearling for 8,000 guineas, won his first race last week and netted £150 in stake money. As a flat racer he was placed once in seven attempts! This expensive youngster's career proves, once again, the lottery of the sale ring.

Sometimes owners make a wonderful purchase in buying a well-bred horse, but it is like buying a pig in a poke. Blue Ensign cost Lord Glanely 14,500 gns., and has never won a race—and never will. Mr. James White paid 9,500 gns. for Noblesse Oblige—a son of The Tetrarch—and found, later, that the horse had a dropped hip.

Too Good to be True.

I read a paragraph recently by a well-known turf writer who suggested that the runners should be declared overnight. This is a fine suggestion from the punter's point of view, but as he is not considered to any extent by the powers that be, it is not likely to be adopted.

"SILVER RING'S" SUCCESSFUL CODE SELECTIONS

From January 12 to January 23 my code selections have resulted as follows :—

5 Winners	1 Third
5 Seconds	None unplaced

Backed each way they show a **PROFIT OF OVER 10 POINTS**

As things are to-day it is the "additional runner," which arrives on the course at the last minute, which very often pops up at 100 to 8. Under the French racing rules runners and jockeys are declared overnight, and backers know, to some extent, where they stand. Just here and there our French cousins can give us a point or two.

Hurdle Races on the Ice.

I have no great desire to be one of the jockeys participating in the races this week at St. Moritz. A tumble on the turf, with a dozen charging horses in the rear, gives me cold shivers. A tumble on the ice! Well——

Over one hundred horses have been entered for the St. Moritz races. Eighteen events take place over hurdles, and are reserved for officers. Good luck to them. There are thirty-three flat races, thirty-five trotting matches, and thirty ski-joering races. I give this best.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers :—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Leeds Mercury, Glasgow Noon Record, Glasgow Daily Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, and *Irish News*.

00	U	G	L	7	B	I	P	M
3	2	X	F	T	C	Z	K	A
Q	R	O	S	E	V	5	8	
D	J	N	Y	H	W	MM	LL	

How to read the code :—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

L F S A M Y P would read FLY MASK.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from January 30 to February 5 inclusive.

PADDOCK PARS.

Coulthwaite will have to find another jockey for Fly Mask in the National. Major Doyle was to have had the mount.

* * *

If Zev and Grey Lag are sent across the herring pond they are to have sixty days over here in which to become acclimatised. Mr. Sinclair is not risking the Papyrus fiasco.

* * *

Perico's win at Plumpton was a family affair. Mrs. Stevens owns the horse, her husband trains it, and their son rode it to victory.

* * * *

Tom Pinch, a full brother to Captain Cuttle, is one of the English horses still left in the Grand Prix. Tom Pinch has been mentioned as a dark 'un for the Derby. He did not run as a two-year-old.

* * *

Polymelus was asked to carry 9st. 13lb. in the Lincoln. This was the biggest burden ever allotted in the race. He did not run.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Will Swing.—A very consistent animal which fights every inch of the way. She ran a good third recently to Antimagic and Signet. Will soon win.

Scottish Archer.—Finished third to the dead-heaters Zenon and Jack Boore at Leicester in a fine finish. He jumps magnificently.

Telepathy.—This fellow is finding his form at last and will win several races. After finishing fourth to Pommel at Windsor, he won easily at Leicester.

Palm Ring.—Was always fighting Drinmond in the Winchester Handicap, and was only beaten by the favourite in the run in, Drinmond's superior speed just getting him home. On this showing Palm Ring must be marked down as good.

Uproar.—A good stayer which jumps well and can go a bit. Put up a splendid performance at Leicester and was not disgraced in being beaten by Blazing Corn. Back him next time out without fail.

Headmaster.—Must be considered an unlucky loser at Windsor, and was undoubtedly hampered by the fall of Sprig at the last fence but one. In a bumping finish, he was beaten a head by a good one in Kirkwood. Will soon be returned a winner.

Flaming Sword.—A consistent performer which has missed a few engagements lately through coughing. He was asked to do too much at Kempton but ran well. Back him each way for his next few engagements.

Artemesia.—Was always going well in the Hinckley Hurdle and held a prominent position until coming to grief at the last hurdle. Wants to be improved a little in his jumping. A good each-way investment.

Duncher.—A useful hurdler which has been out of luck recently. At Leicester appeared to be winning the January Hurdle after taking the last hurdle, but swerved badly on the flat and was just beaten by Playful. Duncher is a money-maker if followed.

Squarson.—I think Squarson should have been returned a winner at Newbury. This was his first attempt over hurdles and he did not jump as well as Mullein. The money handed to the bookmakers is only lent. Back him next time.

Keramicos.—Harrison's gelding is still improving by leaps and bounds. He beat a good field last time out and since then has missed one or two nice engagements. Back him whenever he is a probable runner.

Daisy Cutter.—One of the good old plodders who pops up every now and then at a good price. He made a good race of it with Catamaran in the St. Leonard's 'Chase until tumbling at the last jump. Is always a good each-way bet.

"SILVER RING."

Winners of the Cup Ties

Expert Survey of Second Round Prospects

THE second round of the English Cup will monopolise football interest this week-end.

My forecasts were given in last week's number and I have no particular reason to make any revision, although when I wrote, the first round was not completed

Holder's Chance.

Bolton Wanderers, as the holders of the trophy, deserve the first mention. I am inclined to the opinion that they are a better side now than when they won the Cup, and I do not give Liverpool more than an outside chance of winning at Bolton. Even were the Wanderers not so skilful a team as the League champions, they have a pull in the matter of youth, not an unimportant item at this period of the season when grounds are so heavy. I shall anticipate the victory of the Wanderers by a couple of goals.

In only one other instance do First Division sides come together. These are Cardiff City and the Arsenal, and here again the only result I can see is a victory for the home team.

Cardiff were very lucky indeed to beat the Arsenal at Highbury recently when I saw them, inefficient refereeing being the reason, but generally they are a better side than the Arsenal and much more capable of touching their best form. Further, while the Arsenal like the going heavy, Cardiff are not exactly averse to the same conditions.

Corinth's Next Hurdle.

The next most appealing game is at West Bromwich, where the Corinthians will be the Albion's opponents. My friends who saw the amateurs beat Blackburn Rovers tell me they should have then scored half a dozen goals, and their forwards seem pretty sure to give the Albion defence a busy time even if this is about the best part of the team.

The Midlanders played a miserable game in the first round at Millwall, and it will need a 50 per cent. advance on that form if the Corinthians are to be prevented from passing into the third round, which I shall expect them to do.

Wilson v Barson.

Huddersfield are one of the favourites for Wembley. They will probably have Charles Wilson back in their forward line and he will make all the difference, even if Barson is able to hold him up for a considerable portion of the game.

I think, however, Huddersfield will satisfy their supporters if they force a replay, and my own opinion is that this will be necessary before the Yorkshiremen are through.

When they met in League games last season, Notts County and the Palace did something unconventional in winning on each other's ground. Since then Notts County have moved up into the senior ranks, but this is not to say they are a better team than they were. But being a side who do not aspire to classic football, they are a hard lot to beat, and I only tip the Palace to win because they should be stimulated by their clear-cut victory over the 'Spurs in the first round, and because their wing forwards are playing so well just now. If the County want a tip from me it is to watch this pair.

Not Room Enough.

Brighton would like to have a larger ground for their game with Everton, although the accommodation is sufficient for League requirements. This should be a good match and one that is not easy in which to spot the winners.

Everton, no doubt, are the better side on paper, and perhaps their half-backs will be a little too powerful for the Brighton forwards. Still there will be trouble for the Everton defence if Neil and Nightingale are at the top of their form. Many a bigger club would like to have such a good right-wing as this pair.

Villa in Wales.

I do not suppose Aston Villa will go to Swansea with the idea that they are safely booked for the next round. I have seen Swansea only once this season, and then they were badly beaten, but nevertheless revealed some of the skill which keeps them at the top of their division.

Their forwards can play football all right, but I am not sure their defence is good enough to stop the Villa attack. Possibly quite a few goals will be scored in this game, and the Midland side should get a majority of them.

West Ham should beat Leeds United who have gone off a bit since the beginning of the season. Apart from the fact that West Ham reached the final last season, they are a good Cup team for the reason that they are adaptable and not likely to be upset in any bustling football.

West Ham are still having to carry on with a couple of reserve halves, but these young fellows have nobly stepped into the breach, so much so that West Ham have done even better in collecting League points than before Bishop and Tresadern had to drop out.

Draw at Derby.

I gather that Newcastle were lucky to win their first round game at Portsmouth, but as they scored four goals after being two down at half-time it would be foolish not to admit it was a good performance.

I did not think much of the Newcastle team when I saw them play early in the season, but they hold a very good position in the League table, and poor sides are not, as a rule, in the first half-dozen places.

I find it rather difficult to arrive at the outcome of their visit to Derby, but I do not think the County will be beaten at the first attempt. If, however, they have to travel North next week they will probably disappear from the competition.

I do not think enough of the Fulham team to suggest they are likely to win at Burnley, although Phil Kelso's lot could do with a bit of luck.

Quite as hopeless seems Halifax's quest at Manchester where the somewhat disappointing City side will probably win comfortably. Max Woosnam is in harness again, and the City are a 50 per cent. better team when he is playing.

The Other Ties.

The Wednesday, I believe, have not been beaten at home this season. Therefore I can hardly look to Bristol City succeeding there, apart from their own dismal League record. I should like to see a revival down Bristol way, but one trouble after another seems to follow the City. They are not, however, the worst side in the Second Division.

Southampton may just pull through against Blackpool with ground advantage, which, owing to the peculiarities of the Dell, is accentuated. Still a lot depends on the Southampton backs, for the Blackpool forwards are no duds.

Swindon should just about beat Oldham, although it will be a hard game to win. It is strange to see Fleming leading the Swindon forwards again, but he is one of the Peter Pans of football, and seems to be playing as well as ever he did.

Exeter v. Watford does not sound a particularly thrilling affair, while Londoners will not exactly flock to see Charlton Athletic entertain the Wolves. These two ties will probably be won by Exeter and Wolverhampton.

Still Good.

Harry Martin is not the best outside left playing to-day, but in a lengthy career he has always been in the top class, and he put in some useful seasons with Sunderland before going to Notts Forest.

A native of Selston, near Sutton-in-Ashfield, Martin was discovered by Bob Kyle of Sunderland, and when he was twenty-one he had successfully established himself at Roker.

Two seasons later he had developed to such purpose that he was chosen to play against Ireland in 1914. He has also played in the Victory internationals, and for the English League, so he has had his share of the honours of the game.

Martin is built for speed, and perhaps it is more his pace than his cleverness which has made him such a dangerous forward. Few halves and backs can catch him, and as often as not he has plenty of time to place his centres. He puts the ball across squarely as a rule, and these are the sort that inside forwards like to see.

Martin made thirty-six appearances for the Forest last season and he should be playing for them for some time yet.

* * *

With the Second Round of the Scottish Cup due next week-end, Scottish League fixtures are omitted from our forecasts.

FORECASTS FOR FEB. 9.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

*Aston Villa, Burnley, *Cardiff, *Chelsea, Sheffield U., West Ham.

Away Winners.

Bolton W.

Draws.

Middlesbrough v. West Bromwich. *Newcastle v. Huddersfield, *Notts F. v. Manchester C., *Preston v. Everton.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Barnsley, Clapton O., *Leeds U., Leicester C., *Manchester U., *Oldham, *Port Vale, *S. Shields.

Away Winners.

Stoke, *Southampton.

Draw.

*Bury v. Derby C.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Southern).

Home Winners.

Aberdare, *Brentford, *Brighton, *Bristol R., *Luton, *Portsmouth, Reading.

Away Winners.

*Northampton, Swindon.

Draw.

*Exeter v. Norwich, *Millwall v. Swansea.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Northern).

Home Winners.

*Accrington, Ashington, Crewe, *Durham, Grimsby, *Halifax, *New Brighton, *Wigan, *Wolverhampton W.

Away Winners.

*Bradford, *Rochdale.

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

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AND
CHARLES VILLIERS
CHAPMAN
(Member of the leading Sporting Clubs.)

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THE SPORTING LIFE.—"The business of Mr. Chapman is one of the very largest of its kind in the world. Obligations are fully and honestly met."

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At Last, Here is What You Have so Long Been Seeking.

FOUR CIGARETTES SENT FREE.

Do you get up in the morning with a stopped-up nose? Are your breathing passages clogged with a cold? Does your head feel choked up and dull? Have you that mean, low-spirited feeling which comes from lack of proper oxygen? If so, here is a pleasant, harmless cigarette that will clear out the head, nose and throat.

These cigarettes are the formula of Dr. J. W. Blosser, and are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes contain no tobacco, no cubebs, nothing habit forming, and are entirely harmless. They are used by women and children as well as men. These are not to be confused with the "cubeb" or other similar cigarettes.

It is so simple to inhale this pleasant and soothing smoke. Much more convenient than using sprays, washes, douches, etc.

Write immediately to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 C.H.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, and you will receive a trial package by return post. Enjoy a delightful surprise by having a clear head.

The small size package, containing 20 cigarettes, is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d

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Use Musterole for neuralgia, pleurisy, congestion, sore throat, sprains and colds on the chest. (It often prevents pneumonia.)

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Our Letter Parliament

Reform the Public-houses!

Our Readers Air Their Views on this and Other Subjects

No Prohibition.

There should be no need for Prohibition and there wouldn't be if only the teetotal extremist would concentrate on the reform of the public-house into something worthy of its name. Discussing this question recently with a police official he said, referring to a reformed pub.: "If they were all like that, drunkenness would soon disappear." Decent surroundings impart decency.—*A. W. Smith, Wood Green.*

Pussyfoot's Ally.

Urgent reform is needed in the public-house. Don't our liquor people realise that the disgraceful state of many saloons is the Prohibitionist's biggest argument? Are they blind to the danger of intolerable conditions, or will they take a hint now and make public-houses decent places where men can enjoy a drink? It may be too late soon with all this agitation by the Pussyfooters.—*T. J., Worthing.*

Pig-sty or Cafe.

Isn't it about time something was done to make better drinking conditions for the people? In Britain a man takes his glass of beer in surroundings not fit for a pig-sty. Beer-swilled counters and a reeking smelly atmosphere are a feature of our bars. In France, a man sits in a café and sips his wine while he listens to the music—and drinks less in consequence! In Germany, there is the delightful beer-garden. The Continent is far ahead of us. Remove this disgrace!—*Herbert Spalding, Huddersfield.*

Publicans' Short Memories.

The Pussyfoot campaign in Great Britain has not met with overwhelming success, and the publicans who, at the sign of danger, promised reform, have now conveniently forgotten all about it, and things are as they were. A drastic overhauling of our public-house system is more than necessary. These places are filthy, the glasses are all swilled in the one pail, the odour of the place is vile. We may soon get so disgusted that we will welcome Prohibition!—*H. L. O.*

"Kick that Man Out!"

The letter by Harold E. McDonnell, "Put them in Chains," is on the way to good advice, but I will go a step further. It is against the law to have a drunken person in a public-house, therefore a man should be told to go while he is capable of thinking, not kicked out when he is incapable of anything but causing trouble. It is not right for one person to profit through another's weakness.—*C. J.*

Rummy Rum-runners.

The "whisky running" to America that is carried on by Britons is disgusting. Surely this is not British conduct! If America decides to adopt Prohibition, it is not our position to thwart their efforts. This not only will bring discredit to the British nation, but will also bring about strained relations between the two countries. I am glad JOHN BULL is condemning this practice. Even if we are anti-Prohibitionists we must not force our opinions on other nations.—*Anti-Prohibitionist, Glam.*

The Slumbering Church.

Your readers cannot fail to appreciate the truth of the article, "Is the Church Asleep?" One is constantly brought face to face with facts which prove that the Church is failing in her mission to humanity. If the principles of Christianity were applied to modern life much might be done in these days of crisis. Personally, I know a young minister who entered the Church only speedily to withdraw because of scandal and hypocrisy within.—"*An Outsider.*"

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

No Encumbrances.

Much ill-feeling is caused over the question of landlords objecting to tenants with children. Those people with young families say they cannot get accommodation on account of their children; those without complain that they can get neither rest nor quiet where they are. Why not meet the needs of both by making it compulsory for a certain proportion of all "model dwellings," and ordinary houses where the landlord holds a certain number, to be set aside for the use of these two classes? Those with children and those without would thereby both receive equal treatment and there would be no cause for bitterness on either side.—*S. W. S., Thornton Heath.*

Suet and Lard.

In your recent food articles a paragraph refers to waste fats being converted into suet substitutes and sold in packets in grocers' shops. This statement is without foundation. We can say with certainty that there is no such thing as a suet substitute on sale. The only effect the remark will have, therefore, will be to create suspicion in the minds of a good many people regarding pure beef suet. A distinct implication was made in a previous article that all lard contained cotton-seed oil. The writer had got mixed up between lard compound, some of which consists of cotton-seed oil, and pure lard, but there is all the difference in the world between them.—*Hugon & Co., Manchester.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NELSON LEADER":—"During a period of five years he HAD BEEN ABSENT from school ONCE, NOT EVEN FOR A SINGLE HALF-DAY."

"BETTY'S PAPER":—"Joan's heart was full. She FLUNG TO HIM HER EYES full of tears."

"HARROW AND WEALDSTONE OBSERVER" (advert.):—"A GOOD MORNING WANTED; state salary required and hours."

"CLEVEDON MERCURY":—"The bride wore a lizard-green silk ON WHOSE CHEEK BLOSSOMED THE FLUSH OF DAWNING WOMANHOOD."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE": "WORK BASKETS, fitted with reels, needles and pins. Slightly damaged. Usual price 12s. 6d. To clear, PER YARD, 5s."

"HOME MIRROR NOVELS":—"Her hands dropped to her sides WITH A MOAN OF TERROR."

"ANSWERS":—"A scarf was knotted tightly ROUND HER ANKLES, a great wad of cotton-wool was thrust into her face, and she felt herself lifted from her feet. She struggled, KICKING FURIOUSLY."

"WORLD'S PICTORIAL NEWS":—"'I hurried to the door,' said Mr. . . . . ' and found an agitated BOY OF ANOUT 12 YEARS outside . . . . . who managed to blurt out that a man was knocking HIS WIFE about.'"

"HUTCHINSON'S MAGAZINE":—"At the other end there was a man OF HIS OWN AGE and height, but heavier AND OLDER."

Small-town Life.

Some people are economically driven from small towns to overcrowded cities, but others pass from the one to the other in search of a refuge from the joyless, soulless intolerableness of conditions of life frequently imposed by communities in small towns. In some of these districts Paul Prys abound as nowhere else, and make their neighbour's affairs the subject of their mischievous gossip when they sit as critics on the hearth. The loneliness of almost solitary life in a great bright city is to be preferred to the mischievous freedom of life in a small town.—*L. B., Turton.*

The Unmarried Mother.

The article entitled "The Agony of the Unmarried Mother," is powerfully moving in its appeal, and will necessarily do much good. As the writer has so bluntly put it, most folk are far too ready to condemn and misjudge girls in this position, instead of being kind and sympathetic. A friend of mine (a much-experienced social worker) heartily endorses all the writer says. So let us try to feel more kindly disposed to those girls, and as far as possible, help to maintain those institutions whose doors are ever open to receive girls who have been wronged.—"*Sympathy,*" *Clapton.*

"Train the Child."

Your leaderette is timely. We, in close touch with boys leaving school, are grappling unsuccessfully with this problem. Boys leave school to loaf about the streets, become demoralised, and mothers are full of trouble. We do manage to entice some to remain at school; but are not allowed to register a boy after his fifteenth birthday. But these lads have outgrown the elementary school, where the "atmosphere" and curriculum are not suitable. Your suggested training institutes are overdue.—*F. V., Stamford Hill.*

Birth Control.

With reference to A. G. G.'s article, the main question is *not* whether the world can produce enough food in thirty years time to feed an increased population, but: (1) Whether the labourer, paid a low wage when in work—but frequently unemployed—should have more children than he can feed, house, clothe and educate properly; and who eventually compete against him, not merely for work, but for proper house accommodation which *he* cannot obtain. (2) Whether it is good for these young people to eventually marry and increase their kind under similar conditions, preventing them from rising above the sordid slum.—*H. M., Northfleet.*

"London's Midnight Shame."

Regarding the article by Miss Van der Veer, may I briefly urge the point from another point of view. The stranded girl in London is in difficulty, but she is not lost if she uses her common sense. I've been stranded in London, accidentally and wilfully. I applied straight to the police, truthfully told my predicament, and I still cherish the kindly help of the inspector in charge of the station to whom I made known my wants. London is a serious place, God knows. Not for one moment would one minimise it. I've known it from many angles, watched its streams pouring in from the stations to various homes and destinies. I've seen the Embankment with its lost souls. Yes, and talked to gentlefolk who have reached the last stage of poverty, and rubbing shoulders with the prostitute who is asking with them the same common help.—*Dorothy Carew, Supt. St. Mary Home and Probation Officer, Horsham.*

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Over £6 a Week for Life for 2/6

Two holders of 2/6 half-tickets may each win this splendid income.

Every one can spare 2/6 for the Hospitals; and surely no one can afford to miss the *many chances* of winning a fortune offered in this great Hospital Competition. The huge sum of £30,000 has been presented by a well-known firm and will shortly be distributed in cash prizes.

Every half-crown subscribed goes to Help the Hospitals

Each Hospital retains the whole of the proceeds from the Tickets they sell and all the profits of the British Charities Association go to the Hospitals. The whole of the prize money has already been given and no percentage of the funds goes to "Organisers."

There are so many prizes offered and the prizes are so big, that you stand a good chance of winning a substantial sum of money, whether you apply for a full ticket at 5/- or a half-ticket at 2/6.

Look at the prize list. Are you going to miss this opportunity? Send your donation to-day to your local Hospital or use this Coupon.

PRIZE LIST

£30,000

Prize money has been given by BOVRIL, LTD., to help the Hospitals.

1st Prize
£12,000
or two half-prizes of
£6,000
each.

2nd Prize
£3,000
or two half-prizes of
£1,500
each.

3rd Prize
£1,000
or two half-prizes of
£500
each.

And over 2,000 other cash Prizes, bringing the grand total to £30,000.

To THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION
(President: THE VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD).
Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

I enclose £ : : for ..... whole tickets at 5/-
Please send me ..... half-tickets at 2/6

Name (in full) (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Address .....

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to the British Charities Association and crossed "& Co." J.B.4

Ticket Agents in every Town

PUT A LITTLE AWAY EVERY WEEK IN

Savings Certificates

PURCHASE PRICE £4. VALUE AFTER 10 YEARS £5 AT THIS RATE OF GROWTH

In 10 years:-

6d per week becomes £15
1/- per week becomes £31
2/6 per week becomes £77
4/- per week becomes £124
5/- per week becomes £156

A SAVINGS ASSOCIATION WILL HELP YOU

A Savings Association offers you the easiest and most profitable means for regular week-by-week saving.

There are some 20,000 Savings Associations at present at work. You and your friends will find it worth while to form one.

Write for full particulars of easy-to-work schemes free on request. You may use the coupon below. (No stamp is required on the envelope).

No STAMP REQUIRED

Post this Coupon

To the NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, PRINCES HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. 2.

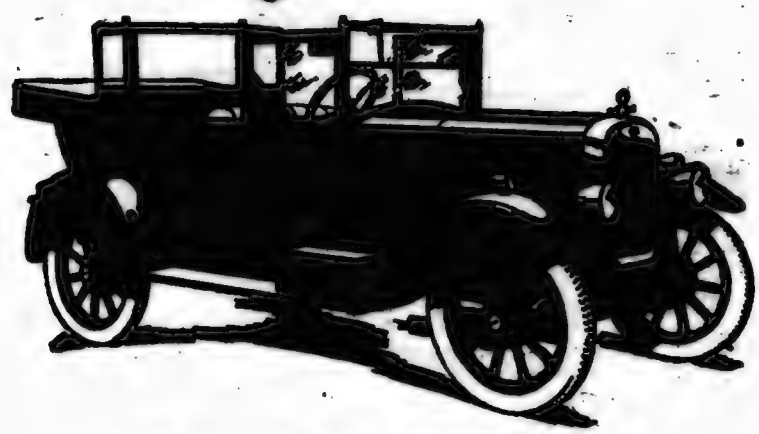
Please forward me particulars of simple Schemes for organising a Savings Association in my Factory, Works, Office, School, Club, Village } (strike out what is not applicable)

Name .....

Address .....J.B

No STAMP REQUIRED

Overland



FIVE-SEATER DE LUXE TOURING CAR

PRICE £295 (Ex Works)

FOR RELIABILITY, COMFORT, ECONOMY.

Is there anything you require on a Car that is NOT supplied on this Overland? Read brief description:

Five seats, four doors, leather upholstery, five interchangeable steel wheels and tyres, rigid all-weather side curtains with storage space, electric lighting and starting, magneto ignition, rear windscreen, luggage carrier, licence holder, driving mirror, Boyce motor meter, rubber clutch and brake pedal pads, windscreen wiper, four kick pads, carpets front and rear, eight-day clock, ammeter, speedometer, dash lamp, fuse box, finest polished mahogany instrument board with recess for holding small articles, outside and inside door handles, controls on steering column, tool-box on running board, hood boot.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR BROCHURE "J.B."

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LIMITED

FACTORY AND SALES DEPT., Heaton Chapel, Manchester.
LONDON SHOWROOMS, 151 & Great Portland Street, W.1.
LONDON SERVICE DEPOT, 111, Lots Road, Chelsea, S.W.10.

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

It "goes one better!"

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

INSTEAD OF PINE TABLETS *say*

NUPINES

REGD

FOR THE CHEST THROAT & LUNGS

6D

FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

SUPER HIGH GRADE

Exclusively Tailored

4-in-1 Trench Coat

The Famous Officer's Coat.

Genuine Triple-Proofed Gabardine—Check, Rubber, & Detachable Wool Linings—

32/6

Carriage Paid.

Sensational **£1,000 CHALLENGE!**

The above amount will be forfeited to any Charitable Institution if this Trench Coat is not of the same quality *or better than many being sold to-day at 25/-, 29/-, 45/- and 70/-.* Our value is absolutely unequalled. Don't pay more.

FAWN or NAVY BLUE.

ASTOUNDING! That, in a nutshell, sums up this truly remarkable offe of a real Triple-Proofed Trench Coat at 32/6. This superb opportunity cannot be repeated indefinitely, and you should secure one of th-se most talked-of bargains before it is too late. A deluge-proof Overcoat in Winter, a smart Raincoat in Spring and Summer, at 32/6, Carriage Paid.

Did you ever hear of such a bargain?

Here are some of its distinctive features:

1.—Materials warranted fast dyes.
2.—Unshrinkable.
3.—Lined with specially selected check plaid.
4.—Interlined with rubber.
5.—Detachable Wool Lining—instantly fixed or removed.
6.—Made by experienced workers.

SENT CARRIAGE PAID BY RETURN.

Simply send 32/6; state whether fawn or blue is required, also height, and chest measure (over waistcoat), and this 4-in-1 Triple-Proofed Gabardine Trench Coat will be despatched post free for your immediate wear. We supply the public direct, and our only London address is:—

The London TRENCH COAT CO.,

48, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Remember! Intending purchasers should note that the response to this offer will be enormous, and we strongly advise ordering without delay to ensure prompt possession of this, the greatest bargain ever offered in Trench Coats. In the very unlikely event of the Coat not meeting with your entire satisfaction, return it immediately and we will cheerfully refund your money in full.

When diluted to accord with the
MINISTRY OF HEALTH REGULATIONS

NESTLÉ'S MILK

IS 20% RICHER IN CREAM

than the legal standard for ordinary dairy milk. Thus, besides the advantage of being ABSOLUTELY PURE AND CLEAN, Nestlé's is also a better Milk.

If Unsweetened preferred get **IDEAL MILK**

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC

I AM being driven by some of our correspondents into strange territories. In a short while you will hear all about my experiences. My idea of a cheap car, something about £200, is hopelessly wrong!

Almost daily from somewhere or other comes the suggestion that something might be done for half the money. When I have studied the paces of "Bleriot Whippets," and Grahame-White greyhounds and other new cars about £100, my report will be presented, at present my experience does not cover them.

Meantime, let me suggest one of the very cheapest methods of becoming a motorist. Among second-hand cars at the moment can be found four-seater G.W.K.'s, 1920 year onwards, at from £65 to £100. In these days when inventors are racking their brains for some form of gearless transmission, it is rather strange that apart from magnetic types, the only gearless car which has maintained a market position, is one of the cheapest propositions you can find.

I learnt my motoring on a friction drive car, and can state definitely that is the easiest way to get road experience. Most beginners are nervous of the gear changing. When that fear is eliminated, as it is with the G.W.K., confidence comes quickly and driving becomes play.

There was considerable doubt of the efficacy of the method in the early days.

Before purchasing my first, I courageously invited the opinion of a well-known motor engineer. His judgment was reserved, "In theory the friction drive is perfect, for practice try the car you think of buying and see how it works."

It worked, and our first long tour included the Lakes District. The makers of the car will demonstrate its powers to any interested buyer; new it will cost you more than many of the types we have been reviewing, for it is well built, roomy and comfortable.

They are not fashionable, and that is probably the reason why they are so cheap second-hand. The makers rightly believing in their production, are not catering for normal tastes, but I know of no cheaper way to enter into the joys of the open road, for the car is economical in every way.

ANOTHER popular enquiry is on the question of air cooling. The Rover four-seater at £145 seems to interest many of our readers, but they seem to be a little bit afraid that it would overheat on a long run. The Rover Company has had this car tested under R.A.C. observation in a way which leaves no room for doubt.

The Brooklands test would have beaten many a water-cooled car, whose performance in this respect is never in question. Three hours at 40 miles an hour on the track, one lap, 2¼ miles, on bottom gear, enough in itself to heat up most cars, and then without a breather the test hill with a gradient of 1 in 4, all without the engine stopping even for a second.

For an ordinary touring test, the car was run from Land's End to John o' Groats, 891 miles. The drivers took it in relays, but the engine was never stopped except twice by accident, and then only for a moment. These tests alone are sufficient to prove that air-cooling in practice is satisfactory.

***

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 5.

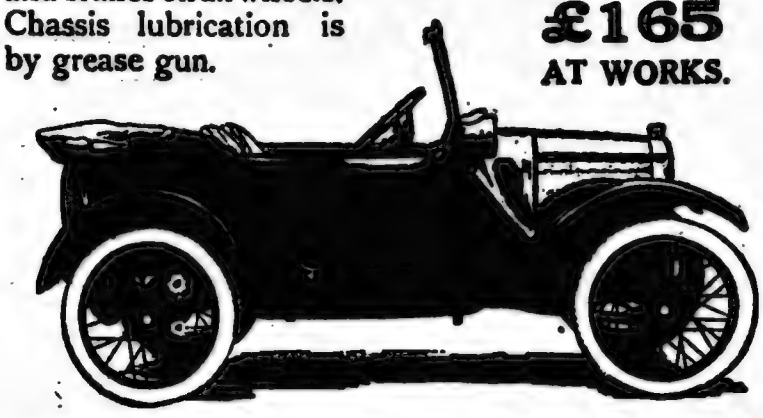
Write for → Publn 393.

MOTORING AT TRAM FARE

The Austin Seven

Seats two adults with children, has electric lighting, *starter* and horn, and complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is water-cooled, three speeds are provided and brakes on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun.

£165 AT WORKS.



The AUSTIN MOTOR Co., Ltd., Longbridge, nr. BIRMINGHAM

LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1 (*near Marble Arch*).

NER-A-CAR

THE ALL-WEATHER MOTOR CYCLE.

Get one at once and Pay as you Ride

ON DEFERRED TERMS FROM OUR NEAREST DEALER

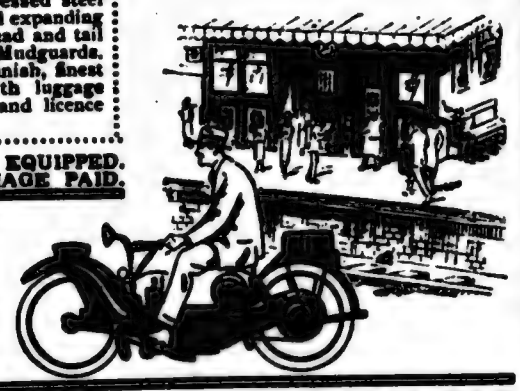
You can now buy a Ner-a-Car—the safest and cleanest motor cycle made—without disturbing your capital. Pay for it out of income as you ride. By the time the summer months return you will have nearly paid for it and you will hardly have noticed doing so.

A Ner-a-Car makes you independent of Trains, Trams and Buses which are restricted as to route and schedule—and is cheaper. You can ride to business in ordinary clothing without becoming dirty and need have no fear of skidding. And for week-end rides or touring it is ideal—comfortable, fast and a good hill-climber.

SPECIFICATION.

2½ h.p. Two Stroke Engine, 282 c.c.; Kick Starter; Disc drive giving five speeds. Pressed steel frame of channel section. Two internal expanding brakes, both on rear axle. Electric head and tail lights. Scientifically designed Mudguards. Handlebar clutch control. All black finish, finest quality stove enamels. Complete with luggage carrier, tools, horn, number plates and licence holder.

£57 10 0 FULLY EQUIPPED. CARRIAGE PAID.



Write for Catalogue "B" and name of our nearest Dealer to:

THE SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX COMPANY,

NER-A-CAR WORKS, Canbury Park Rd., KINGSTON-on-THAMES

GO JUST AS YOU ARE ON YOUR NER-A-CAR

KEEP IT HANDY

You need Gre-Solvent to clean your bath, linoleum, paint and woodwork, enamelled ware and greasy stew pans. Gre-Solvent needs no heavy scrubbing, it is pleasant to use and far more effective than soap and boiling water.

"Known the world over as the Instant Hand Cleaner."

GRE-SOLVENT

MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

CLOSING SHORTLY FOR

Half-a-Crown

YOU CAN BE

WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS

By Winning the First Prize of

£5,000

IN THE

Blind Ballot

In aid of the National Institute for the Blind

(*Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920*)

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE

Think of it! Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences; and there are other wonderful prizes. £2,000, £1,000, and heaps more amounting to

£10,000 in Prizes.

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this Competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets can be obtained from 12, Oxford Street, Manchester: and from The Hon. Treasurer, BLIND BALLOT, PALACE CHAMBERS, BRIDGE ST., WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

Please send me..... 2/6 Ticket(s).

I enclose { P.O. / Cheque } value ..... and stamped addressed envelope.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Please write distinctly and in ink). J.B.8.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 21.

D. B. (Stoke).—"Goodness only knows where we shall be in another year's time." In 1925.

G. T. (Howden).—"Just what are the motives behind the strike?" Locomotives, of course.

A. McB. (Greenock).—"The Houses of Parliament are not insured." No, that must be a matter of policy.

E. T. (Burton).—"Are you not in danger of getting inconsistent?" We never felt safer in our lives.

Mrs. S. (Harpenden).—"Some wives demand top much attention." We won't encourage you!

"INDIGNANT" (Gloucester).—"Your English could be improved." Thanks; we fear yours couldn't.

B. N. (Sheringham).—"What is your opinion of the average short story?" It is much too long.

G. I. (Ealing).—"Could not London's night clubs be swept and garnished." We'd prefer to see them washed out.

W. V. (Stoke Newington).—"With regard to food prices, it is the shopkeeper who has the card up his sleeve." Then it's up to you to change your dealer.

Y. T. (Carlisle).—"Leaving courtesy and fairplay out of the question." There's no excuse for leaving them out to the extent you've done.

I. W. (Rhyl).—"After fifteen years' delay I hasten to send you a few immature thoughts." Perhaps, in another fifteen years they'll have grown up.

E. J. (Selby).—"Our trade is suffering from a decline." And the cure, curiously enough, is that it should develop consumption.

J. P. (S.O.M.).—"I am not blessed with the unlimited cheek of some people." But even if the supply's limited the quality is above criticism.

H. E. W. (Highams Park).—"Constant exercise of any part of the body is bound to strengthen that part." We don't believe it. Our boxers haven't got impervious chins.

B. C. (Ac'on).—"Lord Haldane will fill the woolsack with dignity." Well, if other prople stand upon their dignity that is no reason why his lordship should not sit upon his if he chooses.

A. R. (Willesden).—"A tall handsome man suffering from shock and bruises and with his clothes in tatters was recently found on a road in the outskirts of London." Probably a shopwalker who had a narrow escape from a Winter Sale which got out of control.

H. A. (Catford).—"In America, bootleggers collect cobwebs to drape round their bottles of illicit whisky to give them an appearance of age." We should imagine, however, that the consumers would detect the fraud as soon as they began to see the spiders.

K. T. (Weasle).—"Taxation makes a great hole in one's pocket." Darn it!

R. G. (Harrow).—"The milk of human kindness is not much in evidence to-day." Some of it is certainly a bit curdled.

J. B. (Colwyn Bay).—"Excuse the liberty I take in writing to you." Help yourself, and come again.

O. R. (Keswick).—"I have little doubt the waste-paper basket will receive this." We have none at all.

CHARLES P. (Bere).—"I disapprove of this modern notion of freedom." So do we, when it means merely licence!

B. S. (Cheapside).—"London's all right. One might go farther and fare worse." If one does go farther the fare certainly gets worse and worse.

"BACHELOR" (Barnstaple).—"Few men have courage enough to tell a girl her place." Just as few girls would tell a man to go to—his.

M. F. (Leeds).—"Women never seem to be able to make-up their minds." Their faces, however, make-up for this deficiency.

W. M. (Exeter).—"I could write the truth from experience if I chose." Whereas you've chosen to write the reverse from inexperience.

WM. D. (Durham).—"Being an only child, I never knew any girls until I was nearly twenty." Subsequent statistics are awaited with great anxiety.

A. J. A. (Ramsgate).—"It is best for young people to see life for themselves." But don't forget that parents are valuable as guides on the way.

W. G. (Ealing).—"The railway strike rather overshadowed the defeat of the Government." Certain enthusiastic politicians think that the latter should be done all over again.

GLEN (Glasgow).—"A young Vienna medium can rise without support into the air, lift himself to the ceiling and remain there for some minutes." Just the lad to fix our indoor aerial!

G. R. (Louth).—"In 1912 New Zealand sent England a small shipment of eggs which stood the voyage well." We trust, however, that they have all succumbed by now.

A. E. A. (Byfleet).—Because you have fallen out with a hotel proprietor, we are to publish a "skit" about him, and send him a free copy. Any further commissions?

A. T. (Oxford).—"Slow thinkers live longest." Not if they're crossing a busy street.

D. S. (Kendal).—"Your verdict on the enclosed, please." Guilty!

R. S. (Wallingford).—"A pawnbroker usually leads a temperate sort of life." And most of them take the pledge.

H. J. (Kensington).—"'Ware badly-cut clothes!" When ours are badly cut, we refuse to wear them.

T. J. E. (Glasgow).—"Why worry, so long as the world goes round?" It's no good the world going round, unless you have enough to go round, too.

S. H. (Newark).—"I am a little annoyed with you this week." Now you've got it off your chest you no doubt feel better.

Mrs. B. M. G. (Ipswich).—"I may have expressed myself crudely." Not at all, dear lady, your style is as crisp as a crab apple.

JANE G. (Notting Hill).—"A profession for a woman is very necessary to-day." An odd job for many mere men would be a godsend.

A. M. (Buxton).—"The Government is a nice target for you because it never hits back." Oh, yes, it does. Its administrative Acts are often a very caustic reply—and a further challenge.

J. S. (Bradford).—Sorry you have been worried by mischievous boys throwing stones. If you can catch one and bring him up to this office. we will have him spoken to.

J. W. T. (Brighton).—Cannot say why the writer on unemployment in your local newspaper "did not carry his article to a logical conclusion." Perhaps he fell asleep before he had finished it.

F. R. (Norwich).—"I don't think the world is going to come to an end." That's a relief—we've just paid the licences for our dog, wireless and car for the next twelve months.

S. T. (Cork).—"Southern Irish telegraph forms invite users to learn Irish and instal a telephone." Admirable advice. Gaelic is certainly a most expressive language.

J. M. (Glasgow).—"Many thanks for £1 *Bullets* Prize—I am hoping to endorse a bigger cheque before long." And we endorse your hope—perhaps it may be one of the five big *Bullets* prizes offered this week.

A. L. (Derby).—"They say that only the good die young." We've noticed that a lot of the other sort dye young too.

P. P. S. (Watford).—"After all, what is the net pleasure one gets in the Summer?" We thought it was tennis.

A. W. (Chester).—"The Rothermere Press poisons the wells of truth." Oh, no, it only muddles its own drinking trough.

F. H. (Leek).—"I have suffered a big loss through backing the wrong horse." Yours must have been the horse that looked before it leapt.

G. N. (Grimsby).—"Is one to understand that JOHN BULL is the only journal fit to teach the masses?" Not the only one, but one of the best.

E. A. P. (Croydon).—"The massage establishments you have exposed are a benefit to Society." Either your mind or your morals must be in need of a tonic.

P. N. (Salop).—"My wife enjoys very bad health." Forgive us, but we shall not believe this till she tells us so herself.

D. G. H. (Launcester).—"I notice that large gangs of men are being employed on railroad repairs." We are glad to know that they are mending their ways.

E. R. T. (Ealing).—"The police have expelled from Switzerland the Cossack Singers." In this country similar crimes go unpunished.

A. C. (Eltham).—"I know what I would do if I were a rich man." And from all you tell us it is a mercy you are poor.

W. E. (Norwich).—"May I get in touch with you." Yes, provided you do not interpret the word "touch" in the wrong sense.

P. R. (Corston).—"I got a down quilt at the sales very cheap." Well, one naturally expects down quilts to be down.

C. S. (Manchester).—"Wages have gone down, but JOHN BULL still costs 2d. What about it?" Don't forget that when wages were up it didn't cost 4d.

P. B. (Hexham).—"I have connections among all the best people." Obviously, my dear Watson, a telephone operator.

C. J. (Chelsea).—"There are some things we want to forget." True, but at the moment we can't remember what they are.

V. S. (Clapham).—"Ninety-nine out of one hundred employees take tips." Which they get, of course, from our Sports' Page.

W. M. (Wendover).—"The rising generation are not very keen on getting up early in the morning." 'Tis true—they are not exactly an early rising generation.

PRIVATE S. (Aldershot).—"It is hard on a soldier having to change his plans at a moment's notice." And in this weather, not only his plans?

D. A. G. (Hendon).—"There is a dearth of new talent on the music-hall stage." But many a domestic servant must dream of fame as a female juggler as she is absent mindedly flourishing the crockery.

H. M. (Woolwich).—"A Government department has neither policy nor principle." Of course not, otherwise it would not be a Government department.

ALEC (Manchester).—"The public call telephone boxes are full of germs." The position could hardly be bettered for their extermination, as the little beggars are isolated and with their communications cut off.

W. A. W. (Hornsey).—"Dustless chalk that will not soil the hands has been invented." How handy for the billiards enthusiast who plays late and endeavours to convince the wife that he has been—sitting up with a sick friend!

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

M. POINCARE:—There must be no more "scraps of paper."

Then honour the Versailles Treaty under which your seizure of the Ruhr is a gross illegality.

* * *

VISCOUNT FINLAY:—Latin should be taught as a living language.

Boys and girls should be taught citizenship, not stuffed with useless academics. Your ideas are as antiquated as—Latin.

* * *

SIR FREDERICK BANBURY:—I don't care if Mr. Bell were God himself. At the present moment you have got to return a Conservative and not a Liberal.

If we needed further proof of the lack of national interest of our party maniacal politicians we have it here. The country's need is for statesmen with the interests of the people at heart.

MR. BALDWIN:—A certain restriction of exports will be necessary for the welfare of this country.

How on earth we can expand our foreign trade by reducing it passes comprehension. Perhaps it is as well you are no longer Prime Minister.

* * *

"COMRADE" NEWBOLD:—Our influence is increasing. It will be enormous when the Labour Party comes into power.

Your influence is negligible. Now Labour is in power, even the little you had has vanished.

* * *

GEN. LUDENDORFF:—Germany wants a strong leader. He is among us.

You delude yourself and your dupes if you imagine the Allies would ever let you lead anybody again.

Healthy Foods
AND BEVERAGES

THE BRANDED GOODS ADVERTISED ON THIS PAGE ARE GUARANTEED BY JOHN BULL to be *pure* and *wholesome* and entirely *free from adulteration* or harmful preservatives. Since there is little or no difference in price between these and similar articles sold without any guarantee, **READERS SHOULD ALWAYS ASK FOR THESE BRANDS BY NAME.**

"Good night all—sweet repose!"

How hollow it sounds to you who suffer from sleeplessness! How you long every bed-time for a "good night and sweet repose," to be able to drop off to sleep instantly. Are you aware that tea and coffee are amongst the commonest causes of insomnia! The drug caffeine whips up the nerves and causes wakeful nights.

Thousands have recovered their natural ability to sleep by abstaining from tea and coffee and taking Instant Postum as their meal-time drink instead. Refreshing as tea and coffee, more pleasing than cocoa, and as harmless as milk, Instant Postum is made instantly.

Of Grocers and Stores, 1-lb. tins, 2/8 sufficient for 90 to 100 cups), and 4-lb. tins, 1/7.

Instant Postum

"There's a reason."

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE.

Sample tin sufficient for seven cups will be sent on receipt of 2d. stamp for postage. Or send 4d. stamp for combined sample of Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts and Post Toasties.

GRAPE-NUTS CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 48B), 5, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.2.

QUAKER OATS costs only 8½d. per large packet—and is the best of all oats, in value, flavour and nourishment.

You see the superiority of Quaker Oats in the large, pure, quickly-cooked flakes. They are prepared by a special process, from the fullest, richest oats.

No other food gives you so much nourishment for so little money.

"Doctor says Neave's is a splendid Baby Food"

Mrs. Goodman, 23, Binley Avenue, New Binley, Coventry, writes: "I enclose photograph of my baby boy at eleven months, when he weighed 28lb. He has been brought up on Neave's Food since he was ten weeks when he only weighed 7lb. having gained nothing since birth. My doctor says yours is a splendid food. Baby is healthy and bonny in every way."

Baby Goodman (photo)

Neave's Food has stood the test of world-wide use for practically a century. Neave's Food is specially recommended by the "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," and other leading authorities. Eminent physicians use and endorse Neave's Food, and mothers by the thousand recommend it.

Though the oldest, Neave's Food is *still* the best. It is also the cheapest. *Sold everywhere in 1/8 and 4/2 tins, also in 6d. cartons.*

FREE SAMPLE

of Neave's Food and useful book, "Hints About Baby," written by a trained nurse, sent free on receipt of postcard.

Neave's Food Ltd., (Dept. 142) Fordingbridge.

Babies thrive on

Neave's Food

The Choicest Blend of the Finest Selected Teas

MAZAWATTEE TEA

is famed for its

Purity, Economy and Unvarying Flavour

Doctors and Analysts recommend MAZAWATTEE TEA, and every Packet bears the Official Label of the

BRITISH ANALYTICAL CONTROL

Ask your Grocer for a Packet—TO-DAY.

Clarnico

CHOCOLATE

LILY BRAZILS

The Wise Knight speaks—

"GOOD HEALTH IN WINTER

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese will help you to enjoy good health in the most trying weather. Soft and creamy, with a delicious Cheddar flavour, it is easily digested, and the lactic cultures it contains aid in a remarkable degree the digestion of other foods.

It is complete health which is important, and St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is the food that secures this."

St. IVEL LACTIC CHEESE

8½d. per cheese.
"Minnies," 2d. each.

2/6 A WEEK or CASH £4 15

Our Cycles are all British Made and Carriage Paid. With them is the Guarantee of our 46 years' reputation.
Write for our Beautiful Coloured Cycle Catalogue "D4."
Dept. "D."
Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd.,
168 & 240, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

JUNO

YOUR GARDEN
—HOW DIFFERENT!

The same labour, the same tools, the same manures—WITH OUR GUARANTEED GARDEN SEEDS ADDED, will yield for you an infinitely better Garden than ever before. You can easily prove it at our risk, for should any of the Seeds ordered from our 160-page FREE GUIDE TO GUARANTEED GARDEN SEEDS fail to grow for you and please you, we will REPLACE them freely.

Write for the beautifully illustrated Free Guide (M) to-day. Post card will do. Address us personally.

TOOGOOD & SONS, Ltd.
Seedsmen to H.M. The King.
SOUTHAMPTON.

THE GREAT SARTOR SALE
EXTENSION OF TIME
THE FAMOUS
SARTOR *RAINCOAT*
Can Still be Had at Reduced Price
17/6
Carriage Paid in the British Isles.

Owing to the amazing public demand, we have been compelled to prolong our great January Bargain Sale till the end of February. Until March 1st we undertake to supply the famous Genuine SARTOR *RAINCOAT* at the sensational Reduced Price of 17/6, carriage paid. But you will greatly assist us if you send us a postcard AT ONCE.
The genuine famous SARTOR is manufactured from a fully-proofed GABARDINE, with warm, cosy check lining, finished with individual care and suited to all weathers.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS, Style Book, and accurate Self-measurement Form.

SEND NO MONEY.
Judge the value first. GUARANTEE—If you are not entirely satisfied send the coat back, and we will refund your money in full.
Send a postcard to-day to

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.,
(Dept. J.), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

This also ends definitely the General sale of all our other bargains.

The Skin's Best Friend

For Every Family Purpose.

Mr. W. H. Jones's Testimony.

A letter from **Mr. W. H. Jones, 15, Third Avenue, Knotty Ash Camp, Liverpool,** says: "I am writing to thank you for benefit received from your wonderful ointment, Germolene. Three years ago I was suffering from a very bad ulcerated leg. This had troubled me for a very long time, and I had tried all kinds of remedies. Germolene gave me ease and relief immediately, and I continued the treatment with the result that I have never been troubled by my leg since. Later I was badly scalded at my work through a gauge-glass bursting, but, thanks to Germolene, there is no sign of a scar. Last year my child was born in a nursing home, and she contracted skin trouble. I advised my wife to use Germolene, and the baby seemed to be relieved with the first application. We continued the treatment, and there is not a mark on her skin now. She is a living testimony of the wonderful properties of Germolene, and my best wishes are with you."

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-.
Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Use Germolene for
Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

THE FOUNDLINGS' BIRTHDAY

Lonely Hearts that Break in Silence

EVERY day that dawns is somebody's birthday. To many who read these lines the figure on the calendar will mean another milestone on the road of life.

What joy and happiness and comfort crowd around those milestones!

Who is there that cannot remember the joyful anniversary celebrations of childhood? You used to mark the calendar with a circle of red ink, and count the days that had to pass before the great day arrived. Who can forget the feasting, the parties and the presents, the congratulations of brothers and sisters and cousins and schoolmates? Birthdays were great joy days before we reached our 'teens.

Some, too, can remember that more dignified, but none the less happy celebration of coming of age, when their feet were set upon the hill of success and they started to climb to the summit, encouraged by the affectionate pride of their parents. That was happiness!

And who is there, even though they have toiled over the crest of the hill and the road has commenced to dip downwards, who is not cheered by a sympathetic handshake as they pass the milestones that mark the way to the valley and the river?

What about the foundlings?

Have you ever thought how much a foundling misses in the way of birthdays? There may be a date in the calendar to mark the anniversary of the grey morning when he was found, a little pink morsel of helpless humanity, on the doorstep of a workhouse or hospital. But what is that to him? How can he celebrate that?

For him there are no parties or presents, no congratulations from brothers or sisters or cousins or schoolmates. He just gets older every year. When he must face the world, he must face it alone. The hill he must climb is long and steep. There are no parents to offer him encouragement. His milestones on the roadway of life are just milestones, cold and grey, with no brightness or joy or happiness or comfort surrounding them to warm his heart. When he reaches his journey's end he knows no loving faces waiting to welcome him across the river.

Last week a foundling, not yet eighteen, whose heart was chilled by loneliness and so nigh to breaking that he had sought forgetfulness in the waters of the Thames, came to us for pity.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund has found him a temporary home, and is trying to help him up the hill of life. Will you help us?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Contributor," 6d.; S. A. G., 3s.; B. V. B., 2s 2½d; "Lightfoot," 2s.; "Whalsay Piltig," 1s. 6½d.; W. L., 2s. 6d.; "Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1s.; E. M. B. (Eltham), 4s. 8d.; F. M., 1s.; "Fourth Ninth," 2d.; Mrs. J. C. Allday, 6d.; W. R., 1s.; H. W. M. H., 8d.; H. M. H. O. P., parcel; G. Hewes, 6d.; "Dundee," 1s.; H. C. Lawrence, 6d.; "Week Street," 2s. 6d.; A. Watson, 6d.; Jas. Wills, 7½d.; Mrs. W. Cave, 1s.; "Taceant Bulleteer," 2s.; C. J. Smith, 1s.; "Two Weeks' Ninth," 2s 3½d.; G. Robson, 2s.; Miss M. Jones, 6d.; A. Hill, 6d.; L. W., 6d.; N. E. Jones, 6d.; G. M. Rountree, 5s.; "Ninth," O. T., 1s.; E. F. Cotton, 1s.; P. Jones, 6d.; Mrs Janet Hallas, 2s.; C. S. Cattle, 2s.; "Tiger," 1s.; "First Time," 1s. 3d.; "Helpmate," 1s.; "Chancing It," 1s. 7d.; A. Daulton, 1s.; "Preston," 9d.; "Lent" (West Derby), 10s.; "One Ninth for Luck," 1s.; F. S. (Charlton), 2s. 6d.; M. R. H., 1s. 1d.; "L/C11 A. J." (India), 5s.; J. Smith, 2s.; F. M., 1s. 3d.; "Steed" (Resolven), 1s.; "Scrap Iron," 7d.; "Woolston," 2s. 6d; M. E. B., 1s.; "Millals," 1s. 3d.; "Sympathy," £1; Mrs. Alcock, 7d.; E. Minns, 7d.; "Chester," 1s.

J. H. D. S., 2s. 6d.; "Bimbo" (Bispham), 5s.; "S.P.," 8d.; "A Reader," 2s.; "An Invalid's Wife," 8d.; P. J. H., 1s. 3d.; "Plymouth," 6d.; "Anerley," 1s.; "Services," 2s. 6d.; "Aunt Janey," 3d.; "Charwin," 3s. 6d.; L. N. Gowan, 2s.; "Sarah Street," 6d.; "Cobalt," 6d.; H. Horley, 3s. 6d.; T. L. Ireland, 1s.; "Manchester," 6s.; "A Wee Ninth," 10d.; J. R., 2s. 6d.; "Irish Woman," 1s.; "Weekly Ninth" (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; "Oninph," 2s.; "Optimist," 3s.; "Hungry Ninth," 9d.; "006300," 6d.; R. Troward, 1s; "Most Unlucky Woman," 9d.; "Folkestone," 1s. 8½d.; G. W., 1s.; "Win," 6d.; "Sweep," 1s.; "Rheumatic," 3d.; "Sixth Ninth," 6d.; Tom Mitchell, 1s.; "Cardiff," 1½d.; "From a Friend to Some Friend," 1s.; "Ninth," 6d.; M. J. (Oxford), 2s.; "Two Ninths" (Bristol), 14s. 5½d.; J. G., 1s.; "Reader," 6d.; "From a Candidate," 2s.; "Pharos," 3s.; "Little Cis," 4s.; H. E. M., 2s.; "Worthing Ninth," 1s. 2d.; G. W. O., 3s.; H. V. H., 4½d.; A. D., 1s.; "Saturn," 1s.; "With Much Love," 9d.; E. F., 2s.; "Smithery," 7½d.; "Charles," 6d.; "John Boy," 1s. 6d.; M. Campbell, 1s.; Mrs. M. Hester, parcel and 1s.; "Nil Desperandum," 1s.; C. Emerson, 8d; J. W., 5d.; N. Jones, 6d.; S. Reynolds, 1s. 1½d.; J. Fraser, 6d.; L. W., 6d.; H. E. M. (Barnstaple), 1s. 1d.; C. Hinchliffe, 6d.; J. Wood, 1s.; L. H., 1s. 6d; L. Rice, 6d.; "Unlucky," 2s.; "Leucarium," 2s.; "Sailor's Wife," 1s.; G. S. (Blackheath), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Minnie's Ninth Ninth," 6d.; J. Tichener, 1s.; "Red Ink," 1s.; "S.O.S.," 1s.; C. P. A. (Brinscall), 3s.; "Well-wisher," 3d.; W. B., 1s.; "Down and Out," 2½d.; "Quarter," 1s. 3d.; L. E., 7d.; L. Harris, pram and parcel; F. Scavington, 2 dollars; "Seward's End," 10d.; "Fin," 2d.; "Holme," 7d.; "Another Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Hopeful" (Penrith), 11s. 6d.; W. H. H., 2s.; Mrs. S. B., 6d.; "W.O.W.," Sheffield, £5.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

I can't do it fast enough

MY HAT! This New "Passing Show" truly *is* a magical production .... selling in thousands .... everyone's talking about the wonderful two-colour cover .... as for the contents .... see for yourself .... but h-u-r-r-y!

The NEW
2D. Weekly
PASSING SHOW

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 509.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. A. E. WALKER,
75, Victoria Road, Bromley, Kent.

Example: FOR GOOD
Bullet: DEEDS, CYNICS SEEK MOTIVES.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Miss L. WEBSTER, Gate House, Bolton Street, Ramsbottom, Lancs.
Example:—MENDING OUR WAYS
Bullet:—WHEN SERMON FROM DOCTOR.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. L. SMITH, "Wingfield," Jubilee Road, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.
Example:—WHEN IN DOUBT
Bullet:—DELAY REPROOF FOR PROOF.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. H. DUNBAR, Junr., 1, Glentham Road, Barnes, S.W.13.
Example:—AT WORK
Bullet:—AGAIN, BUTLER SOUNDS MUSICAL.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. BARNES, Holmewood, Chesterfield.
Example:—SEEING THE BOSS
Bullet:—FOLLOWING, CLERK ENTERED DAIRY.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

W. H. GARDNER, 41, Henry Street, Northampton. IN POCKET—MODERN PREMIER KEEPS RESIGNATION.

W. G. ROBINSON, 143, Berridge Road, Sheerness: HER PET—HIS—WHEN SHE'S PRESENT.

R. A. CROSS, 6, Rivelin Road, Brumley, Scunthorpe: TALKING RUBBISH—LABOUR—TWENTY YEARS AGO.

W. E. HAMBLET, The Bungalow, Charsfield, Nr. Wickham Market, Suffolk: PUT OFF—STREET EXCAVATIONS—INSUFFICIENT TRAFFIC.

W. DOUGLAS, 33, Walker Street, Glasgow, N.W.: HER PET—THEME, HUSBANDS SHE MISSED.

E. V. S. CLEGG, 106, Marsden Road, Burnley: BONE OF CONTENTION—LANDLADY CALLED A CROP.

G. ALLEN, 53, Sycamore Road, Cape Hill, Birmingham: WHEN IN DOUBT—LET EMPIRE BE UNIFIED. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. J. SAWKINS, Police Station, Edmundstown, Pentyrraig, Glam.: AT WORK—SMILE YOU PASSED ON.

E. HARGREAVES, 254, Walshaw Road, Bury: LOOKING FORWARD—MILLIONAIRE'S SON TAUGHT TRADE.

I. STAMPER, 13, Woolton Street, Woolton, Liverpool: TAKING FRIGHT—SAVAGES THREATENED WITH CIVILISATION.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. W. FORSYTH, Walmer Bank, Larbert, N.B.: THE PRICE—TACTFULLY OMITTED, SOCIALIST MENU.

J. LUGTON, Railway Buildings, Windygates, Fife: SNOWING—" JENKINS, CLOSE FIDO'S WINDOWS."

R. B. SPILLER, 4, Railway Place, Bath: ON TOP—NOBODY, JUDGING BY UNDERGROUND.

D. BRUCE, 12, Olney Street, Walton, Liverpool: PRINCIPAL BOY—PARENTS SHOULDN'T CONSIDER ONE.

J. A. HUDSON, 121, Hill's Road, Cambridge: LOOKING FORWARD—RATEPAYERS—URGING WORKHOUSE IMPROVEMENTS.

Mrs. M. CHARTERIS, 53, Victoria Road, Earby, via Colne, Yorks: LABOUR GOVERNMENT—TEST—PHYSICIAN OR QUACK.

A. CARR, Seaside Lane, Easington, Nr. Sunderland: LABOUR GOVERNMENT—WILL DEBUT AGGRAVATE DEBIT?

W. HUNT, 1, Kemp's Cottages, Carlton Road, Nottingham: SELDOM FAILS—TO SHARPEN, GRINDING POVERTY.

Mrs. E. GORTON, 24, Poultney Road, Radford, Coventry. LABOUR GOVERNMENT—YOUNG ENOUGH TO LEARN.

D. C. PETERS, 10, Ballantine Place, Perth: SPOILT WIFE—MANY OBJECTIONS TO "LODGE."

100 Prize-winners of £1:

W. Albery, 77, July Rd., Tuebrook, L'pool; Mrs. Allan, 26, Ramsden Dock Rd., Barrow-in-Furness; W. H. Allen, 88, Church Rd., Northwood, Middx.; G. Anderson, 320, Park Av., Barrow-in-Furness; H. J. Barton, 129, Fairfax Rd., Green Lanes, Hornsey; D. Bateson, 16, St. Georges Av., Marton, Blackpool; F. W. Beckey, 42, Bowbury Rd., Nunhead, S.E.; Miss A. Bennett, 8, Ogilvie St., C.-on-M., Mc.; T. Boughtwood, School House, Witham, Essex; B. C. Bowles, 54, Duke St., Grimsby; Mrs. L. A. Boycott, 11, Trinity Rd., Aberystwyth; A. Brown, 146, St. Awdrys Rd., Barking; J. D. Brown, 6, Wenlake Buildings, Old St., London, E.C.; S. F. Cherrell, "Wembley," Chandler's Ford, Nr. Southampton; F. E. Compton, 80, The Vale, Golders Green, N.W.; P. H. Conlon, 118, Benwell Dene Terr., Newcastle; A. Crossley, 8, Woodland Grove, Blackpool; W. Davidson, 499, Gt. Northern Rd., Woodside, Aberdeen; A. W. Davis, 19, Alma St., Stapleton Rd., Bristol;

(Continued on page 4)

BULLETS FIRST PRIZE

2nd. £100 PRIZE

£250

3rd. £50 PRIZE

4th. Prize £25

10 PRIZES OF £5

100 PRIZES OF £1

10 PRIZES OF £2-10

5th. Prize £10

200 PRIZES OF 5/- 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 4000 PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 511.

THE NEW CABINET
AFTER STRIKING
NEEDED IN PARLIAMENT
FAIR PLAY
SWEETS OF OFFICE
FAVOURED FEW
AT THE HELM
IN DREAMLAND
FINDING A SEAT
ROTHERMERE'S LATEST
CLEARING THE TABLE
OVERDRAWN
OUR OPINION
WON'T LAST LONG
COOLING OFF
MAN OF ACTION
IN THE PRESS
PULLING THE STRINGS
QUACK REMEDY
FAMILY MATTERS
HIS CHANCE
PLENTY
OUT OF SIGHT
STATE WE'RE IN
HER REWARD
ALMOST EXTINCT
LITTLE WONDER
ALL WOMEN
EASY CHAIR
BIG BOY
PERFECT GENTLEMAN
THE REAL THING

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 511 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 509 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—CAPITAL LEVY *Bullet*:—WISH IT WORRIED ME. *Example*:—GOOD LOOKS *Bullet*:—NOT WHEN SHE'S "ROUSED." *Example*:—HER HERO *Bullet*:—BEFORE—HER HEARER AFTER. The entry for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 511, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, February 7.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(511) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, February 7.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(511) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, February 7.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(511) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 7.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(511) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 512.

WHAT COUNTRY NEEDS—AT LAST—FACING THE FUTURE—THE SEQUEL—ONLY A GIRL—WON'T ANSWER—FLOURISHING—IN POWER—ROCKS AHEAD—IN THE WORKSHOP—DOMESTIC PROBLEM—KEY OF SITUATION—KNOWING SMILE—WORTH PRINTING—WHAT THE PARROT SAID—TEMPTING FATE—WIFE'S OPINION—MISHANDLED—DANGEROUS MAN—PERMANENT JOB.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14th.** All coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 512 in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No 512, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 511.
The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 509 can now be seen in the window of Mr. E. W. COLE, 168, Francis Avenue, Southsea.

Playing for Safety.

PLAYING for safety is always wise where health is concerned. When father comes home, mother hints at a quick wash with Lifebuoy before the romp, then there will be no danger from the germ-laden dust and grime of the crowded city. Mother isn't fussy. She's very sensible. She knows that cleanliness is the first step towards the prevention of sickness and disease. Antiseptic cleanliness with Lifebuoy Soap is the best possible step anyone could take towards health.

Look at the pores of your skin through a powerful magnifying glass, then you will fully understand the benefits Lifebuoy Soap confers upon its users. Every tiny skin pore is cleansed from dirt and safeguarded from disease when Lifebuoy Soap is used. The Lifebuoy antiseptic lather is fresh and invigorating. Children respond to its healthy appeal.

The name LEVER *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

D.291—329

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